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A Tour to the Hebrides.

I.

IT must ever be reckoned amongst the mysteries, that Dr. Johnson should have so set his heart upon visiting a spot of earth than which it would be hard indeed to find any less congenial to his tastes and habits. For him, London was the one place to live in. "The town," he declared, "is my element;" "Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life." To go into the country seemed to him like going into exile, and when the country meant Scotland, like going into a desert. Even here, he judged, there was a deep lower still, for when the faithful Boswell professed that to his mind Fleet Street was more delightful than the Vale of Tempe, "Ay, sir," replied the Doctor, "but let it be compared with Mull!" Yet, not only was his mind for years made up to visit regions still wilder and less accessible even than Mull, but he actually gave the project effect, and at the age of sixty-four entrusted his unwieldy person, in the season of equinoctial gales, to the risks and discomforts of a journey amongst the western isles, till he himself was forced to laugh when he thought of what he was doing. And if he did not get very far, and never reached the Hebrides at all, as the name is commonly understood—for the Isle of Skye was his farthest—it must not be forgotten that in his day travelling was still travelling, and that, whether on land, astride of a "Sheltie" with a halter of straw, or on the water, in open boats and sailing smacks, at one time wind-bound, and again running much at hazard through a pitchy night, to find shelter from a tempest, in a haven which no one on board was very confident of being able to find,—the Great Cham of Literature had to confront experiences the like of which are unknown to the vast majority of those who at the present day make the circuit of the globe.

For those who are in like manner fascinated by the stern

and primitive conditions obtaining in the outposts of North Britain, which confront the full fury of the rude Atlantic, it is now possible, without a tithe of the labour imposed upon Johnson, to make a far more thorough and extensive survey than he succeeded in doing, and to reach the true, or outer Hebrides, in less time and with less discomfort than in his day was required to reach Edinburgh. Meanwhile, the isles themselves have probably changed less than anything else, and present contrasts to the luxury and "progress" of the twentieth century, certainly no less striking than those which proved so attractive in the eighteenth. For the Catholic visitor in particular there is an element of interest of which Dr. Johnson could know nothing, for to various islands forming the southern portion of the group, the voice of John Knox and his disciples seems never to have penetrated, so that here we find a fragment of the old Scottish pre-Reformation Church, preserved secure for three centuries alike by the poverty of the land whereon it dwells, and by the turbulence of the surrounding waters.

It is naturally from Oban that the intending visitor will embark upon his voyage towards the "Long Island," with which alone we are at present concerned. This consists of North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, and Barra, to name only the larger constituents; the first-named trio forming virtually but one piece, for although they are severally divided by straits, these are fordable between half-tide and low water.¹

Two modes of approach to these islands are afforded by a pair of steamers, which leave Oban alternately every week-day morning, each reversing the route followed by the other. Both have, of course, as a preliminary to get clear of the Sound of Mull. Then, one of them stands straight across to Castlebay, in Barra, which is reached in about eight hours from Oban. It next proceeds, touching here and there, up the eastern coast of the islands, to Port Maddy, in North Uist. Thence, return-

¹ The name "Long Island" is frequently given,—as in Murray's *Handbook for Scotland*,—to the whole of the Outer Hebrides, but more properly to the portion above designated, which stretches southward, like the tail of a kite, from the Sound of Harris. It is clear that the term was so understood by Scott (*Lord of the Isles*, iv. v.), who likewise indicates his pronunciation of "Uist," as "Wist:"

But since two galleys yonder ride,
Be mine, so please my liege, dismissed
To wake to arms the clans of Uist,
And all who hear the Minche's roar
On the Long Island's lonely shore.

ing eastwards across the Little Minch,¹ it visits the coast of Skye and the smaller islands in the neighbourhood, so returning to the Sound of Mull and Oban. The other boat takes things in the opposite order, proceeding *via* Skye and Port Maddy to Barra, in about twenty-two hours, and returning, *per breviorē*, to the starting-point. The less important ports of call are visited only on certain days in each week.

Though the island of Barra, our actual objective, may thus be reached within a space of time during which any one would venture to face the humours even of the Minch, it were a shocking neglect of opportunities not to select the more circuitous journey, which exhibits the grandest coast scenery in Scotland, with full daylight in which to observe it.

Accordingly, at six o'clock of a Thursday morning in July, we set out, in a drenching downpour, with a wild tattered sky, and altogether but indifferent prospects as to weather. Having got through the land-locked sound, we run outside the islands of Muck,² Eigg, and Rum,—that is to say, leaving them on our right,—then inside of Canna, and so across to Skye. The weather meanwhile is dragged hither and thither by contending elements. At one time the sun gets a look in, and even manages to introduce a scrap of blue sky. Then down come cloud-masses, with squalls of rain and wind knocking up a bit of sea that is too much for a majority of the passengers, while symptoms are not wanting to indicate that things are likely to be worse. Our genial old skipper, tracing the matter to its source, says that nothing good is to be looked for during the course of a moon that was new on a Saturday, and that Scotch mariners are wont to wish there were but one such moon in a week of years. The mate avers that a small whale which is seen to leap out of the water, as trout do before rain, is an evil omen. In

¹ "The Great Minch," "North Minch," or simply "The Minch," is the portion of sea between the coast of Scotland north of Skye, and Lewis in the Hebrides; the "Little Minch" is the narrower portion between Skye and North Uist.

Although the name "Minch" bears so close a resemblance to the French *Manche*, used in a like sense, it is difficult to suppose that it has been adopted from that language, as French influence can scarcely have extended so far north, especially on the west. On the other hand, it seems impossible to suggest any native origin, no such term being used in Gaelic, in which the channel is called *An Cuan Uisteach*, or "The Uist Ocean." We are told by a competent authority, that the only Gaelic word which looks like a possible root is *Min*, signifying "smooth" or "calm;" "but," adds our informant, "the Minch is seldom either calm or smooth."

² "The name as now written," says Boswell, "is unseemly, but not so bad in the original Erse, which is *Monach*, signifying the Sows' Island."

another connexion this officer's weather-lore appears to be not untinged by theology, for the common nautical belief being mentioned that with a parson on board a gale of wind may be expected, he assures us that this holds good only for Free Kirk ministers.

Though we are voyaging so much more comfortably than Dr. Johnson ever did, we are not, it must be confessed, exactly in the lap of luxury. Our vessel, though doubtless the most admirable of sea-boats, is clearly meant for fair weather only, so far as the comfort of passengers is concerned, there being no provision whatever for other conditions. From the small and stuffy cabin one is speedily driven by the sufferings of his fellow-creatures of which it is the theatre. The covered space beneath the bridge is either packed with cattle, or at least lumbered with the miscellaneous assortment of articles proper to traffic in such regions. Apart from rain, it is not easy to find a spot anywhere upon which the sea cannot contrive suddenly to hurl a column of salt water through some insidious scupper.

Undenially there are compensations. It is under conditions such as these that the coast of Skye should be seen, with mists and shadows as an appropriate setting for its precipices, with torrents pouring down amongst them, and with a line of surf at their feet to balance the brilliant verdure which peeps over their summits, bearing witness to the abundance of "saft" weather we have lately enjoyed. At one point is presented a striking phenomenon. From the top of a high cliff a stream leaps in a cascade which should take it in one bound to the bottom. But there it never gets. At a point varying up and down with the strength of successive gusts, it is caught by the force of the wind and turned back whence it came, standing as it were on its head, to form a jet, till it gets level with the summit of the rock, when it vanishes in a cloud of spray, yet further to irrigate the pasturage behind.

Proceeding up the outer, or western shore, and calling at Struan, Pooltiel, and Dunvegan, where at the extremity of a lengthy loch is the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland, we get some idea of the misty Isle of Skye, catching a dim and distant view of the Cuillin Mountains' shivered crests.

Across the Minch, there is less to attract attention, for the scenery of the Long Island is as a rule by no means imposing, and indeed the whole constitution of a great portion is

considerably more curious than attractive. North Uist and Benbecula are probably the most extraordinary mazes of land and water to be found anywhere on earth. Salt water lochs indent their shores, and fresh water lochs wriggle and ramify throughout the greater portion of what should be *terra firma*, till the whole seems to defy description or exploration. "The sea here," says Macculloch, "is all islands, and the land all lakes. That which is not rock is sand; that which is not mud is bog; that which is not bog is lake; that which is not lake is sea; and the whole is a labyrinth of islands, peninsulas, promontories, bays, and channels."

South Uist is of bolder cast, and even boasts some "mountains," one of which, named Hecla, rises to 1,988 feet, and another, Benmore, to 2,035.

Our first port of call is Loch Maddy in North Uist, the centre of trade and government for the whole Long Island, the few poor huts of which it properly consists being accompanied by a sheriff's residence, a court-house, a prison, a poor-house, and other appurtenances of civilization. It owes its importance entirely to the admirable harbour, or rather series of harbours, furnished by the sea-loch on which it stands, and which penetrates the land to a distance of five miles and a half. The nature of the district, of which something was said above, is strikingly illustrated by the character of this loch, thus described on the authority of an Ordnance Gazetteer: "Loch Maddy itself is so beset with innumerable islets and intersected by multitudes of little peninsulas, as to present a perfect labyrinth of land and water. It does not cover more than nine square miles with its waters, but its aggregate coastline can hardly be less than two hundred miles."

Hence we proceed southwards, with the Long Island on our right, throughout as much of a night as there is in July, and about four next morning find ourselves at our destination, Castlebay in Barra. Here again is an excellent harbour, the entrance to the bay, looking southwards, being effectually protected by the island of Watersay¹ stretching across, with a broad belt of gleaming white sand along the water's edge. On a rocky islet within the bay, stands Kishmul or Chisamil Castle, a sturdy, stumpy little fortress, the hold of the MacNeill, "Wild Barra's ancient Thane," which gives a name alike to the bay itself and the settlement on its shore.

¹ Or Vatersay.

The island rises behind, consisting mainly of highish hills, attaining an elevation of somewhat over a thousand feet, though not devoid of low, rich meadow-land, and fertile vales and hollows, while the hills themselves are clothed to the summit with good pasture—as pasture goes in the Highlands. Between the bay and the hills confronting it, straggles the village of Castlebay, the metropolis of the island, containing, besides a number of well-built modern houses, a well-appointed little hotel, and, far more conspicuous and imposing than any other building, the large Catholic church, with a square tower displaying the only public clock in the island.

The pre-eminence of this structure is soon found to be in accordance with the fitness of things, as typifying the unwonted conditions amidst which a visitor finds himself. The island is one of those in which, as was said above, the pre-Reformation Faith has ever prevailed. Of the population, which in 1901 was 2,362, from 95 to 96 per cent. are said to be Catholic; the Presbyterian residue being chiefly importations in connexion with business. According to the local belief, families thus introduced speedily die out.

Under such circumstances, the position occupied by the Catholic priest is unique. He is not only a magistrate, but practically, being constantly in residence, *the* magistrate of the place, to whom the state of the island is daily reported by the solitary police officer to whose keeping it is committed, along with that of the *dissecta membra* which make up the *parish* of Barra. Of these the most considerable by far is the island of Mingalay,¹ nine miles away, with a population of 135, which our guardian of the peace visits once a year. Then follow at a long interval, as given in the last census return, Berneray with 17 inhabitants, Watersay with 13, Pabbay with 7, Fuda with 4, and Sanderay with 3.

The Isle of Barra itself extends about eight miles from north to south, with a maximum breadth of five miles, its outline, broken by inlets and promontories, being exceedingly irregular. A solitary road describes a circle, or rather a square with the corners bevelled off, round about the central nucleus, a distance of about thirteen miles.

Some three or four miles west of Castlebay, at Craigston or Borve, is another Catholic church, the pastor of which has spiritual charge of the northern portion of what we may call

¹ Or Mingulay.

the mainland of Barra, while his colleague of Castlebay has a chapel-of-ease on Mingalay, whither he goes at appointed seasons—weather permitting. Such a proviso is very far from being a matter of form, and even when the elements allow of getting there, it by no means follows that they will be equally complaisant as to getting back. It is the part of prudence, however brief the intended stay, to take to Mingalay provisions for not less than three days, and even so, it may easily become necessary to put oneself on short commons. It has happened to the present incumbent to be storm-bound there for nearly a fortnight. It is said that on such occasions, in this and similar situations, the women rejoice when they learn that the men's stock of tobacco is running low, having learnt by experience that when such a pass is reached, communications with the larger islands are sure to be somehow re-established.

The people are, of course, entirely Gaelic—chiefly MacNeills and Mackinnons—and, although the connexion of the chiefs with the island terminated more than sixty years ago, the MacNeill tartan is said still to furnish the usual pattern for the women's shawls.¹ The said women, if spoken to, are ready with the invariable formula, "No Engulish." The necessities of business compel the men to learn a little of the tongue of the Sassenach, but it is often a very little, and by no means satisfactory as a vehicle of information. When, for example, in circumstances which invest the subject with interest, you ask a fisherman, "What is the weather going to do?"—the reply, "I do not think it will: No," does not get you much for'arder, the bearing of his observation lying obviously in the application of it.

We are fortunate enough to have our first sight of Barra upon its great annual gala-day, that of the horse and cattle fair, which, by what seems a somewhat complicated arrangement, is appointed to be held on the Friday before the third Wednesday in July. An opportunity is thus afforded for

¹ There were two independent branches of the MacNeills, the other being that of Gigha, an island, smaller than Barra, on the coast of Kintyre. It is not certain whether the two were akin, but whether or no, they had no scruple about fighting on opposite sides, notably in the fierce and disastrous feud (1586—92) between the Macdonalds and Macleans, the Barra MacNeills being on the side of the latter. The chieftains of Barra did not always remain constant in their faith, but they exerted no pressure to induce their followers to imitate their example, which was not copied. The seat of the Mackinnons was in the islands of Skye and Mull.

observing both the ways of the inhabitants on a festive occasion, the animals brought together to find purchasers, and the intending purchasers who have gathered to the spot in the hope of finding animals. There is, we soon discover, a local breed of ponies, in size resembling those of Shetland, but well distinguished from them in character. These are said to be the lineal descendants of Spanish ponies from the Armada, which appears to have been a perfect Noah's Ark for the variety of its contents. There are cattle to match ; little Highland stots with the stature of Alderneys, or less, so that often one has to look again to determine whether the animal before him be a cow or a big dog. These little creatures are said to be exceedingly domestic, and to go freely in and out of their master's dwellings. On the other hand, when they are out on the hills, their owners carry up to them pails of meal and water, and they gather round like calves in English fields.

The fun of the fair appears upon this occasion to be fast and furious beyond the common, inasmuch as there has appeared, positively for the first time in these islands, a piano-organ, which unweariedly repeats all day long the half-dozen pieces with which it is charged, thus placing at the service of this remote population the resources of civilization as enjoyed in the metropolis. For the rest, a couple of small booths, with a toy flag on top of each, are pitched on the patch of grass by the shore which is the scene of operations, and provide the gilt-gingerbread, trinkets, toys, and the rest of it, without which a fair would not be valid. Business seems to be largely, if not wholly, transacted by standing with hands in pockets having cracks with acquaintances.

The serious business of the place is of course the fishing. "The real Barra," it has been said, "is in the Minch ; the real, rich, valuable Barra is under the sea ; the rock they call Barra is only for the huts and the landing of the boats." The harvest of the deep to be reaped in these waters is of immense value, especially in respect of the herring fishery, which makes this the starting-point of its mysterious yearly movements, and the Barra men after taking all the toll they can at home, follow the course, whether of the fish himself, or the successive seasons of capturing him, up northward by Orkney and Shetland, and then down the east coast of Great Britain as far as Yarmouth. The cod and ling line fisheries, on neighbouring banks, which were once the chief resources, though now quite eclipsed,

are by no means insignificant, and contribute their quota to keep the work of the curers going, whose rival shanties and piers would be redolent of a still more ancient and fishlike smell than at present, but for the snow-clouds of gulls continually dashing and screaming about them, in a frenzy of excitement over the dainty bits rejected by mankind, which seems never to lose its poignancy.

This, however, does not by any means hinder the inhabitants from an earnest craving for a bit of land to cultivate as well, in consequence of which agriculture is pursued in conditions that would seem incredible elsewhere. As one rambles over the hills and hollows, even up to the top of the sea-cliffs, he is startled to find that wherever there is amid the rock a morsel of arable, or rather, diggable, land—even a mere dozen square yards (not meaning a dozen yards square)—it is planted with oats or potatoes, which have the appearance of thriving uncommonly well—the potatoes especially. The method of preparing the land is curious. Along one edge of the patch to be cultivated a strip of what may euphemistically be called turf is peeled off. Then on an equal breadth beyond is placed a layer of sea-weed, or “sea-ware,” and above this again the turf taken up in the first instance. Then another ridge is constructed in the same manner, and so on across the whole piece. The crop is set on the top of the sandwiches, thus artfully composed to provide both soil and manure, but after one year of tillage the patch is allowed to lie fallow for six.

This ubiquity of cultivation is in keeping with another feature which would hardly be looked for in lands so remote, and it might be supposed, so lonely, namely, the publicity obtaining everywhere. Solitude is hardly to be found, there being few spots that are not within view from a house, or more strictly, a habitation. But the dwellings of the natives and the manner of their life deserve fuller treatment than can now be accorded them, and must consequently wait for another occasion.

J. G.

*Faber and Elton.*¹

THE village of Elton where for two years Father Faber, the famous founder of the English Oratory, spent the short period of his ministry in the Anglican Church, must ever have for Catholics a deep and abiding interest. Some few years ago its history was written by the Rev. F. Whistler, its then Rector. Among a mass of topographical information relating to the parish possessing a general interest for the inhabitants of Elton, and which speaks volumes for the industry and research of the author, there is much relating to its one time Rector, whose memory is still green in the memory of old Eltonians.

Though Faber's incumbency barely extended over two years, yet in that short space he fulfilled a great work and "will be remembered by his parishioners as one who brought new life into the parish, but not without causing anguish to many whose 'homes were left unto them desolate.'" The reverend author, it will be seen, displays in his remarks a very strong animus against Father Faber's change of religion, and in season, and at times out of season, he takes every opportunity of marking his strong disapproval of his predecessor's "perversion," as he calls it. Yet, while feeling that like the prophet of old he is called upon in his official capacity to denounce the backsliding of a weak brother, we find him in spite of all, rather blessing than cursing. The character of Faber that he presents to his readers is an admirable one; as the child is the father of the man, so can we clearly trace in the efforts of the Anglican Rector of Elton the grand work that was to be the crown and fruition of his life's task at the Oratory.

He became the Rector of Elton, October 9th, 1843.

¹ *The History of Ailington, Aylton, or Elton.* By the Rev. Fuller Whistler, M.A. Dedicated to the Earl of Carysfort, K.P. Illustrated. London, 1892.

Although in Huntingdonshire, it is a village typical of those which lie along the Nene valley, rising but little above the river banks, and up to a hundred years ago it must have been a mere swamp during the better half of the year. On some high ground ninety-three feet above the stream stands the church, its noble Early Perpendicular tower embowered in majestic trees forming a notable object in the landscape. Hardly two miles away is the grass-grown mound of Fotheringay Castle, and during the prolonged captivity of Mary Stuart there can be little doubt that her eyes must have often rested upon the "lordly tower of Elton Church," the most prominent object from the windows of her prison. Peterborough, though not the diocesan cathedral of Elton, lies only eight miles away, and the graceful landmark of Oundle Church with a forest of other Northamptonshire spires may be sighted on a clear day.

From a worldly point of view, the position as rector of such a parish cannot have been an unpleasant one. The rectory is picturesque and spacious; Father Faber calls it "a great Anglican parsonage;" the living is sufficiently well endowed. Father Faber held the rectorship but for two short years, but during the whole of that time he gave himself up with all his heart and soul to his work.

His residence in Elton [says Mr. Whistler] appears to have been continuous and practically unbroken by absence from Oct. 9, 1843, to Sept. 21, 1845, these being the dates of the first and last baptisms solemnized by him. Between these periods there is no break; the number of children whom he baptized is noteworthy, as there were no less than sixty-four baptisms in the year and eleven months during which he officiated. The population of Elton was then eight hundred and forty-four, and in each case the child baptized was a parishioner. Indeed, he revolutionized the parish, which, with the exception of Bishop Cloughton's first incumbency, had for many years been languishing under a non-resident Rector. New life seemed to pervade the place. Crowded congregations attended upon his ministry. The Rectory and its grounds were the centres of religious teaching and social energy. Nor were the material needs of the parish neglected. More work was undertaken in the church in the way of restoration; the oak pulpit still in use was provided. Faber's autograph inscriptions in all the Service Books remain to show that they were an Advent offertory in 1843 from the new Rector. Young men especially resorted to his teaching, and came under the influence of that remarkable fascination of which he was conscious and of which, indeed, he himself

makes particular mention.¹ The income of his Rectory was large, but it proved insufficient for his requirements. "He spent and was spent" for the benefit of his parishioners. He began to convert the stables into almshouses, his study into an oratory.

This is a marvellous testimony from the mouth of an opponent, and all the more striking in the face of the bitter attack on Faber's motives and actions with which it is prefaced. Mr. Whistler treats us to a laboured dissertation on the chances which placed Faber on an eminence to which our author would have us infer that he was not entitled. The remarks are not striking in their originality, and if we reproduce them, it is less from their intrinsic merit than that they illustrate our subject.

Faber's career was remarkable. His name will probably be remembered long after that of others who were in many respects his superiors. It appears indeed to be a fact, that while by far the larger number of talented individuals live and die comparatively unknown beyond the limited area in which they dwell, wider notoriety is the lot of those who, with no greater ability, swerve from the beaten course, and by their aberration, attract particular observation. So it seems to have been with Faber. In any walk of life he would probably have been widely known, for the sweetness and spirituality of his hymns, his power of attracting others to himself, his numerous writings and general intellectual acquirements; at the same time it may be questioned whether he would have attained to the degree of fame which has survived him had he lived the quiet, retired life of a country Rector, passing his days in the *useful obscurity* [*sic*] which is the lot of many of equal parts and ability.

And then after all this preliminary fencing, clumsy enough in all conscience, he makes the final thrust;

His acceptance of preferment in the Church of England, while his heart was with that of Rome, rendered him notorious in the first instance, and gave greater publicity to his *subsequent public perversion*. For that he was throughout his rectorate of doubtful loyalty to the Church of England, hoping, perhaps, against hope that with time his perplexity would pass away, his own words testify. In 1843 he writes, "I grow more Roman every day."

¹ Aug. 29, 1835, he writes: "God has given me a peculiar and to my mind a very peculiar gift, at first sight alien to my character, of attracting people to myself. I was first struck by it one day when Y—, soon after his conversion, was indulging in expressions of affection for me. He quoted a speech which P— had made at Harrow, 'I cannot tell why it is, but that Faber fascinates everybody.'"

Bowden in his *Life* tells us that in the same year,¹ "he said he saw then that he must within three years either be a Catholic or lose his mind."² Again, before the commencement of his parochial work he says :

"I have been very much altered since I came abroad this time, but I am very, very, very Roman. I have learnt an immense deal both outwardly and inwardly, and I hope it will lead to something more than feelings."

These quotations leave indeed very little room for doubt, that from the time of his taking up his residence at Elton, Faber's predilections were towards the Church of Rome. But if any question as to his inner feelings could still be entertained, the following remark of Father Bowden would appear to be conclusive.

"It must be remembered that at this time the idea of conversion (that is from the English to the Romish Church) was not familiar to the minds of Anglicans. Their greatest leader (J. H. Newman) was living in seclusion at Littlemore, as yet uncertain what course it would be his duty to pursue; the delay which he had imposed on himself, he also recommended to those who sought his counsel, and *it was in deference to his judgment that Mr. Faber remained for two years longer in the Anglican Communion*; [that is, during the time he was ministering at Elton.]"

That is, in plain English, Mr. Whistler charges Father Faber with the act of a traitor, and that having definitely determined to join the Catholic Church he remained for two years (for some reason which Mr. Whistler does not attempt to explain) in the Anglican Communion. We think that most candid and fair-minded men will agree that never was an accusation made with less evidence to sustain it. No doubt Faber's mind was in the same unsettled condition as that of hundreds of his fellow-clergy at a time when the dry bones of Protestantism were being so powerfully moved, but that he had arrived at the conviction that in remaining within the Anglican Communion he was sinning against the Truth, there is nothing to lead us for a moment to suppose.

In a letter to his brother, the Rev. Francis Faber, dated the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, 1843, just before he went to Elton, he showed plainly that he remained within the Church of England to see if she were truly a branch of the Catholic Church. He writes :

Whether our Church be a Church, be something *more* than, something over and above a form of Protestantism, will be seen by the

¹ *Life by Bowden*, p. 168.

² P. 177.

issue of this struggle : if she is not, God help us, we must go to Rome ; *if she is, which I believe*, then are we Catholics, then do we enjoy the priesthood and Sacraments of Christ's one (Ephes. iv.) Church without having to bend and break our conscience to what modern Rome has reared upon the ancient superstructure.

Still less can we imagine that he had any ulterior motive in view in thus deferring his change of faith, or rather, in waiting till the way was more clearly marked out for him. In the minds of many ultra-Protestants, it is popularly supposed that at the present day the English Church is honeycombed with false brethren, that it has within its bosom many a "concealed Jesuit" working in the guise of Anglican parsons to change and subvert the "glorious principles of the Reformation."

If however Father Faber was one of these dangerous emissaries, it must be owned that he set out to accomplish his task in a somewhat peculiar manner. We have seen from Mr. Whistler's own evidence that under his auspices new life and energy were instilled into the social and religious movements of the parish ; that he practically rooted out Nonconformity in the village ; that he spent and was spent for his people, and sacrificed all his means for the maintenance of the fabric of his church and its interior embellishment. If this were the work of a traitor, it would have been an immense gain to the English Church if she had had just then a few more such men within her bosom. But we may dismiss this groundless charge as utterly unproven. Whatever may have been Faber's predilections towards Roman doctrine and discipline, he was still true to the Anglican Church, and not till the interior voice had spoken with a force he could not resist, did he obey the summons.

The end came as it often does in such cases, suddenly and unexpectedly. "There are," says Mr. Whistler, "some still living (1892) who love to relate how, on Sunday the 16th November, 1845, he was preaching in his church, as usual well filled, from the text Ruth i. 16, 17, in words prophetic of his high resolve : 'For whither soever thou shalt go I will go and where thou shalt dwell I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. The land that shall receive thee dying in the same will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so and so to me and add more also if ought but death part me and thee,' when an impulse, apparently irresistible, impelled him to interrupt his discourse and to declare—

that the doctrines he had taught from that pulpit, though true, were not those of the Church of England; that as far as the Church of England had a voice she had disavowed them, and that consequently he could not remain in her communion, but must go where truth was to be found. He then hastily descended from the pulpit, threw his surplice to the ground, and quitted the church. The astonished congregation remained amazed and bewildered, and communed with each other as to what the end would be.

While the majority of them turned slowly homeward, some of the parishioners, among whom were the churchwardens, followed him to the Rectory and implored him to reconsider his decision. He might preach whatever doctrine he pleased, they said, and they would never question it, if he would only remain with them; but finding him immovable they took a sorrowful farewell and left him.

No persuasion could prevail with him to reconsider the determination he had formed to seek reception into the Church of Rome. On the following morning he left Elton, never to return. He was accompanied by seven of his parishioners and his two servants, all of whom had been associated with him in his plans and labours. The party betook themselves to Northampton, and there the severance from the Church of his fathers to the Church of his forefathers was completed.¹

The account of his life here given presents no new details from those given by Father Bowden. Speaking of his literary work Mr. Whistler says, "Faber was a voluminous writer. His published works which were composed at Elton are naturally of the greatest interest to his old parishioners who still survive. His *Lives of the Saints* were some of them written there, namely, those of St. Wilfrid, St. Paulinus, St. Edwin, and St. Oswald: but they value most *Sir Launcelot*, a poem in ten books, which with several minor poems, he collected into one volume, and published with the purpose of *applying the proceeds to the repairs of Elton Church*."

"To this period of his life we may refer the production of at least many of those spiritual songs, the use of which is so general—we can seldom use them at Elton without a sorrowful recollection of the author." The bells of his parish church, which are remarkably melodious, probably suggested to him those touching lines in the *Pilgrims of the Night*, said to have been written at Elton,

Far, far away like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea.

¹ Bowden's *Life of Faber*, p. 201.

Faber was on terms of warm friendship with Wordsworth the poet. To him he dedicated his *Lights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and Among Foreign Peoples* (1842), "In affectionate remembrance of much personal kindness, and many thoughtful conversations, on the rites, prerogatives and doctrines of the holy Church." When he accepted the living of Elton he communicated the news to Wordsworth, who replied: "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet," and on a subsequent visit to Elton Rectory he said: "If it were not for Frederick Faber's devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of the age."

It was at Elton that he began his translation of the *Life of St. Philip Neri*.

His personal appearance at this time was very different from that of the later periods of his life. There is a portrait extant taken at Elton by Webb, one of his domestics, which although the work of an unskilled amateur gives us a good idea of him as a young man. It represents a tall, rather slight figure, robed in surplice and stole, and wearing bands, the face long and oval, the hair black, abundant and inclined to curl, the nose large and slightly aquiline, mouth and chin suggestive of benevolence, but wanting in firmness. The eyes are dark grey, the eyebrows arched. There are no whiskers.

And this agrees fairly well with the description of him given by his brother, who writes: "Those who knew him in youth will remember him as eminently handsome, and of a slight, lithe figure. Such he still was in 1845, but when he paid me a visit four years after all, the *gracilis puer* had departed. The identity was gone. Nothing could mar the beauty of his countenance, yet his augmenting bulk prevented any recollection of 'Faber of University.' This increased as life went on and perhaps was connected with the disease which proved fatal to him at the age of forty-nine."

As to his actual exodus,

We do not find many fresh incidents of his departure from Elton on that cold November morning. Inside the "heavily-laden fly" were F. W. Faber, Francis Knox, Anne Godwin, Thomas Godwin; outside with the driver was George Hawkes. The others who left the parish on the same day walked to Oundle, then the nearest railway-station; their names were William Pitts, James Pitts, William Webb, and John Strickson.

Later on several others followed, viz., William Rusher, John Stevens, John Deer, John Hippey, Vincent Page, and some time afterwards J. S. Adson and Charles Fenn. Of these Francis Knox became an Oratorian and finished his career at Brompton.

George Hawkes was in the rector's service, and then became a lay-helper in the parish and was not without hope that he might be eventually ordained. After his *perversion* he became a clerk at the London works at Birmingham. There he married Ann Godwin: two children were born to them, one of whom is buried at Elton. They both died in Birmingham, members of the Romanist Church.

William and James Pitts also continued steadfast in the faith to which they had seceded; the former is now living (1892), and acts as organist at the Brompton Oratory; the latter, who was the leading treble singer in the Elton choir, is it is believed still alive. These brothers were the sons of an organ builder at Warmington, a neighbouring village, and their secession was the source of much grief to their father. He followed them to Birmingham, and persistently sought an interview with Father Faber, with whom he remonstrated bitterly on having used his influence over them, "persuading them," he said, "to break the fifth¹ commandment."

John Strickson, as Brother Chad, lived and died at Brompton.

William Rusher, living in 1891, is an optician in London. John Stephens went to live at Brighton. John Deer and John Hippey both went to Birmingham and found employment at Messrs. Hardman's glass works. The latter was living and paid a long visit to Elton in 1891.

Vincent Page is believed to be still alive and in Canada. Charles Fenn and J. S. Adson both returned to Elton and to the Church of England, in which the latter is now a regular communicant, a member of the choir and churchwarden.

Thus out of the fifteen who accompanied Father Faber in his Romeward flight only two proved faithless to their high calling.

There is a saying among the country folk, "No bells like Elton bells, no church like Elton." If there be in this a little pardonable vanity it must still be allowed that the edifice in which for two years Father Faber ministered is a splendid specimen of the piety of our Catholic ancestors. In Domesday Book we have the record of an existing church—*Ibi est ecclesia*, and traces of a Saxon building were found in 1886 on removing the north wall of the chancel in order to erect an organ-chamber. There are besides two fine fragments of undoubted Saxon tombstones, coeval with the original building, which have been placed in the churchyard. It is dedicated to All Saints, but the statues which adorned its numerous niches were desecrated at

¹ The fourth according to the Catholic numeration.

the Reformation. It has a striking interior—spacious, and with the exception of the aisles, of the best period of Decorated work, having a length of one hundred and twenty-one feet and a width of fifty feet. There are numerous tombs of the old lords of the manor, the Sapcotes and Probys of bygone days. Among the stained glass windows the large west one in the chancel was filled by Father Faber with geometrical patterns of heavy design, but hardly in accordance with the improved taste of the present day.

There is a peal of six sweet-toned bells, four of which (two recast) date from 1631. Within the church the plate and books are interesting. The books were all provided by Father Faber and each one contains his autograph written at the time of presentation in 1843. A pair of massive candlesticks, also his gift, have been alienated, without much hope (adds Mr. Whistler) of their restoration. The church plate is all post-Reformation. Two chalices and a paten date from 1571. These were doubtless provided to replace others that were stolen in 2 Edward VI. (1549 a time of general pillage), for a document in the Record Office relates that they were "stolne out of the keeping of the p'sh priest and the Baylef."

The Rectory, which stands half a mile from the church, is a large and picturesque structure, much of it Elizabethan, and the staircase windows contain armorial bearings brought from Fotheringay Castle when it was demolished at the close of King James' reign and its treasures dispersed over the countryside. Father Faber rearranged the library and converted his study into an oratory, but the stables which he designed to convert into almshouses are still devoted to their old use.

The Rectory is embosomed in fine old trees, among which horse-chestnuts and elms are most conspicuous. A cedar in the lawn, now growing into beauty, was planted by F. W. Faber forty-eight years ago. He at the same time planted clumps of trees and shrubs between the house and the adjacent river, and laid down pleasant walks, which were at all times accessible to his parishioners. All this has unfortunately been swept away by less communistic rectors. Twelve trees planted by Faber and called by him by the name of the twelve Apostles disappeared at the time of his departure from the parish. One was replanted in a garden near, but refused to flourish on alien soil.

The author indulges in the usual pleasant gossip on the village traditions, but he is fain to confess that they revolve for

the most part round Father Faber, of whom he relates the following anecdotes :

Thomas Godwin, who lived in Faber's service during the whole time of his residence in Elton, gives the following version of the mysterious noises which are mentioned in Father Bowden's Life.¹

I occupied the bed-room adjoining my master's in the Rectory, viz., the north room over the study, and Father Faber when he required my services habitually tapped upon the wall. On one particular night I heard the customary raps and on going into my master's room, he said, "Sit down, Tom—there—you hear that !" I answered, "There can be no doubt about it." The noise was like the moving and rolling about of furniture in the study underneath. After listening for some time and hearing the unmistakable commotion, we both went down into the study together, and there we found all in order, and as quiet as the grave.

Godwin's comment upon this was : "It is undeniable that the devil exists ; every Christian admits this. I believe that the noise was caused by evil spirits to terrify my master who was attacking their kingdom in Elton."

Godwin also relates that some boys were throwing stones over the low wall which then divided the Rectory garden from the road and when he asked, "Who threw those stones ?" Faber overheard him, and called out, "Tom, don't put temptation in their way ; they are sure to lie ; give them a cut each, they are sure to deserve it."

Godwin remembers Faber preaching under the acacia, a venerable remnant of a tree still standing on the lawn, and the garden was thronged by a crowd of old and young, rich and poor, who all afterwards joined in the *Te Deum*, the Old Hundredth, and other psalms, with an energy which caused them to be heard far and wide. The acacia, then in its prime, and a very fine specimen, was said to be a scion of the first tree of the kind planted in England, if not the very first. It is interesting to know that Faber planted the cedar, the copper beeches, and many trees in the lower fields : his wish was to make the place look like a little park.

We are enabled from Godwin's notes to gain an idea of the tenour of Faber's ordinary life at Elton. His establishment consisted of an old cook, "Molly," a Yorkshire woman (who had lived in the Faber family before "Fred," as she called him, was born), Anne and Mary Godwin. There was also Thomas Godwin in the house, assisted both indoors and in the garden

¹ Bowden's *Life of Faber*, First Edit., p. 184.

by William Webb and William Rusher. Faber had a pupil, a Mr. Harrison from Westmoreland: and for some time he had as an assistant lay-helper George Hawkes, who also studied under his guidance. His idea was to form a brotherhood, of which Hawkes was thought likely to prove a leading member.

The habits of the household were simple and regular, and the hours early. Much time was given to meditation, which the Rector practised himself and inculcated upon others: reading, writing and teaching occupied a large part of the day. When morning and evening prayer were not said in the church they were said in the dining-room or the Rectory. Saints' day services at the church were carefully celebrated with full prayers and a short extempore address. The poor and the sick were regularly visited and well cared for, and in this part of his labours his young men were associated.

Sunday was a day marked by special services in church, attended by overflowing congregations, not only from Elton but also from neighbouring parishes. One circumstance was noticeable; on that day the oldest man in the village, Samuel Millar, was regularly invited to take his dinner with the Rectory servants. The absence of the Rector from his own pulpit was a very rare occurrence: indeed it happened twice only during the time of his residence in Elton—once when he officiated at Benefield, and once when he was at Ambleside. Besides the neighbouring clergy, there were many visitors at the Rectory, some of conspicuous position and high reputation: among the number were the poet Wordsworth, Sir Roundel Palmer, Beresford and Lady Mildred Hope, Lord John Manners, and Mr. Watts-Russell. Mr. Knox, then a student at Cambridge, was perhaps one of his most intimate friends, and before Christmas and Easter he would come and make a species of retreat at Elton. He ended his career as a priest and Oratorian.

Father Faber found his too scanty recreation in gardening and planting and in strolling by the river accompanied by his three dogs, "Leo," "Dark," and "Spot." These sapient animals which followed him, mad with delight at ordinary times, retired quietly when their master proceeded to the church, as his habit was, in cap and gown and hood.

Such was Faber at Elton, where his memory is ever green, and of whom we are told that its inhabitants even now say—

Take him for all in all
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

J. S. SHEPARD.

The King's Visit.

(Concluded.)

BROTHER THOMAS was a lay-brother of gigantic proportions, especially of gigantic breadth, and the chief of the bell-ringers. He was one of the best friends the Schola possessed in the community, having a very soft heart in his big frame, and he had also command of an inexhaustible stock of fishing-tackle in his other capacity of keeper of the fish-tanks. So with the consciousness of possessing a friend at court, the whole party mounted a stage to the belfry, all the way through a roaring whirlpool of sound. There were candles placed at intervals all up this part of the stair, and at the top the door was open wide.

Brother Thomas with his men behind him was tugging at his rope, and smiled a Titanic smile of welcome when he saw the small black figures at the door; conversation in that thunderous place was quite out of the question. But presently there was a pause for rest, the bells ceased, though for a time the tower still went on singing, and Brother Thomas, seated on a bench and mopping his brow, received the members of the Schola. In a few brief words they framed their petition. They wanted to see the bells, and only just for a minute to go up on the top of the tower.

"Pardey," said Brother Thomas, smiling benignly and wagging his elephantine head, "ye be right flegge and merry, dear childer. For who should ring the bells this blessed night, and Brother Thomas a-sporting on the roof."

"O Brother Thomas, for a minute allonely," they pleaded, and so pitifully that the good-natured giant gave way. "Dear childer," he said, "ye shall go see the bells, nerls I will not bring ye to the roof though ye be very averous. For an ye go toppling down hoger noger, what clerk shall sing the hymn this blessed night."

The Schola laughed heartily at the great man's little joke, and followed him as he proceeded heavily up the next flight of

steps. And though these were the darkest and steepest of all, no one felt afraid with Brother Thomas, like a protecting mountain, moving ever in front.

Brother Roger was next to Gloria as they went up this black stair, and once when they got pushed together, he could feel that the favoured Gloria was still trembling and shivering all over. And there in the darkness came a thought to Roger that made him start as though the cold ghost's hand had touched him. And perhaps if he had driven it away as the old monk did with the holy sign, it would have saved him as the other said he was saved.

For the thought said, "Gloria isn't fit to sing, it isn't safe for the honour of the house to let him sing, and how easily you might get him left behind when the others go down; and then you would have to sing yourself."

Before and behind him the feet were shuffling on the stone steps round and round, up and up; and with every turn the thought seemed to wind itself into his mind more and more firmly.

"It's for the good of the house, it's even for Gloria's good," said the thought, "and oh! you'll have the singing after all; the glory of the singing after all!"

Brother Roger set his teeth and breathed hard, but he did not make the holy sign. A little while longer and they were all standing round Brother Thomas, gazing up at the great dim shapes looming out above them in the blackness, and Brother Thomas was giving them the story of each; how here was Gabriel, the bell that they rang in thunderstorms; and yonder was his brother Galiena, and the holy water bell; and there was the Newport, named after old Prior Newport who bought it; and nearest of all hung the famous "Haut et Cler," the tenor bell that everyone knew so well.

Roger was standing away out of sight in the shadow while the good bell-ringer was talking, and presently he came up to Gloria as though he had just arrived from the belfry below. And he put his arms round Gloria's neck and whispered in his ear and drew him aside. And what he whispered was that the Precentor, Master John, had come up into the tower, and that he had been to ask him if he and Gloria might go up to the top, and the Precentor said yes, they might, and that he thought some of the brethren were up there already. And all the while he kept his arm round Gloria's shoulder very kindly. "*A man*

must sometimes set a candle before the devil," says a proverb of that day, but Roger was setting a whole altarful.

It was the kind arm round his shoulder that did it, for the story sounded suspicious, and Gloria was not very much deceived; but he was feeling cold and frightened and lonely, and that brotherly arm brought comfort and companionship. His was a friendly little heart that answered very readily to the call of kindness.

So he let himself be drawn away from the others, a little unwillingly, it is true, but Roger kept whispering reassuringly in his ear, saying it was only a little way, and no one in the Schola but they had ever done it. Gloria cheered up a little and smiled, calling him good Roger and *carissime*, but when he did that Roger always turned his face away and was trimming the taper he held in his hand.

No one noticed them slip away, for just at that moment Brother Thomas was engaged in lifting up each in turn to tap the holy water bell and put his ear close by to hear it ring, and the boys were all looking at him. So once again did Gloria Patri face the weird black stairs.

He did not feel at first so frightened as before, for Roger gave him the taper to carry, and they kept their hands joined. But they had not gone very far, when all of a sudden that dreadful cold fear struck upon him again, so strongly and horribly, that he fancied an arm reached out from the wall before him and tried to bar his way. In a panic he turned and clung to Roger. "Oh, Roger," he cried, "I am in no good case, I am truly in great and intolerable fear. Go we back, good Roger, go we back, *carissime*, lest a worst thing happen to us."

Roger resolutely refused to retreat. "I am greatly heavied that you trust me not," he said; 'tis but a little way we have to go, an we turned now, Master John would take it in sore displeasure."

He shook off Gloria roughly and pushed him forward, and Gloria went on, trembling, and more because he feared to return alone. But as they proceeded the fear in his heart died away somewhat, and he grew calmer again. At every turn now the steps grew steeper, and an occasional opening in the wall gave a glimpse of the white land far below, for the storm had passed by this time and the night was fair. And presently they came to a final door which opened to the smallest key after a little fumbling.

And there above them was the quiet midnight sky, clear shining peacefully with many stars, and around the four great pinnacles rose solemnly. So, after the climb we all have through the dark and fear of life, waits for us like that sky the stillness of eternity. Great wordless thoughts came to Gloria Patri, standing with a pure soul under God's canopy; and they would have come to Roger also, but that his soul was troubled and ill at ease. For presently he stepped out upon the tower and Gloria followed him. Then, when they had gone a few paces over the thin snow, Roger slipped back through the door again, banged it to behind him and locked it, and then with eyes tight shut in fear plunged down the black stone stairs.

Gloria heard the noise of the closing door, and turning flung himself against it with all his might. "Roger, Roger," he cried, in a frenzy of fear. "Oh leave me not alone, dear Roger; have ye then no ruth for me, oh, leave me not alone for the love of Jesu." But Roger was scudding round and round as hard as he could go far below in the winding staircase.

Gloria put his finger in the key-hole and tried to shake the door, but it was oaken and massive and did not even move; he beat against it frantically until his hands were all covered with blood; he ran backwards and forwards like a hunted thing, seeking vainly to fly the white horror of the great tower.

"Oh, false knave, Roger," sobbed the lonely Gloria, sinking down at last exhausted; "oh, false, false knave, that would despoil me of my singing. I am supplanted and cast out by thee, false shrew. I beseech God guerdon thee."

Then the thought of Roger's baseness made his heart burn hot with anger, and he prayed God solemnly on his knees that something might happen so that he could not sing. And as he prayed came the thought that by shouting he could perhaps make someone hear down below. There was still time, and he ran to the side and drew in a long breath.

Clang! clang! clang! came the voice of the tenor bell from below, and picking up its fellows, the thunder of the bells began again, and again the tempest of sound went storming in tumult round the great tower. No hope in shouting now. Gloria sank down sobbing on the bitter snow.

"God is sore angered with me," he thought, repentantly, for he took it as a sign from Heaven that he should be thus prevented. "Oh, Moder Mary, Holy Virgin," he whispered,

"pray for me, for I know not how to forgive him for a cruel, false knave."

Those were days when men believed in the Motherhood of Holy Mary as a fair gift from God, and they took it gratefully, believed it humbly, and found it easy to look to Heaven; for in Heaven there was for every one a Mother, as well as the mother of the earthly home.

So this child of a dark age had that Mother now to turn to. Very reverently he knelt down by the battlement of the tower to pray to Mary. And he began with great faith and simplicity *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, the psalm Master Lydgate had so often taught them to sing, to make them like the little boy Chaucer his master wrote of.

He was sure now that help would come, and he half expected it straight from the sky, as the angels came to the shepherds long ago. But it came in another way, for when presently the bells ceased ringing, there rose from below clear and distinct on the frosty air the sound of many voices singing, men's voices in a Christmas carol of mingled Latin and English, such as our fathers loved.

In dulci jubilo,
Let us our homage show,
Our heart's-joy reclineth
In præsepio,
And like a bright star shineth,
Matris in græmio,
Alphaes et O.

Very soothingly the voices sounded up there on the lonely tower, and with a sense of companionship which was very grateful. "It will be the guild-men going to church in procession," thought Gloria, and he forgot his fears in the effort to listen. Again, with a strange wailing melody, came the voice of the singers:

O Jesu parvule
My heart is sore for Thee,
Hear me I beseech Thee,
O Puer optime.
My prayer let it reach Thee,
Oh Princeps Gloriæ,
Trahe me post te.

The words of the simple, loving old hymn fell like balm upon Gloria's troubled soul, and the angry, bitter thoughts went

gradually clean away. "*O Jesu parvule*," he whispered, "I do forgive him heartily. *O Princeps Gloriæ, trahé me post te.*"

They were nearer now; from where he stood by the battlements he could distinguish the band as a black moving patch on the snow. He could even distinguish the strong deep voices of the men and the treble of the prentice boys, singing with all their hearts—

O Patris Caritas,
O Nati Lenitas,
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina,
But Thou for us hast gained
Cœlorum gaudia.
O that we were there.

The voices now were quite close to the church. Clear and distinct, and with that note of triumph which only comes where faith is very simple and strong, rang forth the last verse of the carol:

Ubi sunt gaudia, where
If they be not there?
There are Angels singing
Nova cantica,
And there the bells are ringing
In Regis curiâ.
O that we were there.

And as they reached the church door and the voices died away, a great thought came to Gloria Patri, so great and heroic it seemed at first quite beyond his strength to carry out. "Nay," he said, "I forgive him right heartily and that sufficeth."

Then it seemed that a voice was singing very softly over again the words of the hymn:

But thou for us has gained
Cœlorum gaudia,
O Jesu Parvule.

"Oh Lord," he cried, "I will for Thy dear worthie love, I will give no excuse for my non-coming; no one shall know it was Roger; they shall hold it all my fault."

And that was Gloria Patri's Christmas gift to the King of kings.

Brother Roger did not keep up his headlong pace the whole of the way down, for as we all know it is quite impossible to

sing satisfactorily if one is out of breath. So he prudently did the latter half of the descent very slowly and with several long pauses. It happened in this way that, when at last he sidled cautiously into the place of assemblage in the well of the tower, he found matters very far advanced. He had waited until the last peal ceased ringing, and when he entered he found the others looking over the parapet watching the great procession enter. Roger slipt in among them quite unobserved in the excitement.

The procession itself was exceptional, for the general custom was that there should be no break between the long Matins and the Midnight Mass, the Abbot alone with his deacon and subdeacon leaving the church to vest. But to-night, that the King might have an honourable entry, all the monks came with him.

Slowly in they came two by two, the thurifers first walking backwards and tossing the smoking censers high in a stately manner; then the crucifix borne by two coped priests, with candles carried on either side, and after that a long array of priests bearing relics and the great gospel-book, all splendid in golden copes and with torches flaming around them; then the sombre lines of black-hooded monks, and behind them the Lord Abbot with his deacon and subdeacon, magnificent in full pontificals; and last of all came the little King in the royal robes of England, the crown borne before him and the great lords of the household in attendance. He walked with downcast eyes and hands piously clasped upon his book of hours, for from childhood, through the long trouble of his life, his soul was ever the same, gentle and pious. And all the people in the church turned and bowed low to the King as he passed, and the little King with baby lips was praying for his people.

The royal part of the procession was already well up the church before Master John made his appearance in the tower; he could not leave the sacristy until all had started. But he lost no time in marshalling his small army, and had them arrayed in order, with music and all complete, before the King had reached his faldstool. And then came the cry for *Gloria Patri*.

"Where is he? Where is he?" cried Master John distractedly. "Hath no one seen the child?" Brother Roger, standing conspicuously in the front rank, kept his eyes severely on the ground, and no *Gloria* was forthcoming.

There was not a moment to spare. The Lord Abbot was already at the altar, and might begin the Mass at any moment.

"Oh, the wicked child!" cried the exasperated Precentor. "Roger, quick, ye must do it in his stead; stand up here and list while I give the note."

Roger stepped forward eagerly, his hour had come. A wave of excitement passed over the Schola, but Roger was quite calm. The Precentor gave the note, and he drew in a long breath in the proper way.

Why did they all stare at him so strangely; they frightened him with their big eyes? It was all well with him, and yet despite the great breath, the note refused to come, and he began to feel strange and giddy. Oh, horrible! supposing God were going to strike him dead on the spot like Ananias, the other liar, and he would go to Hell and be burnt for ever. He could make no sound but a gurgle in the throat from fear.

Master John strode across and shook him angrily. "Roger, Roger," he whispered. "What ails thee, silly Roger?"

There was such a dreadful stillness in the church that they could hear distinctly the cry of a night-bird somewhere far above in the tower, and the little singing-boys drew closer together and thought of the horrid ghost. The Precentor almost wept with vexation, and still spoke to Roger, entreating sometimes and sometimes scolding. "Sing, Roger, sing, thou naughty, naughty knave."

And they thought every moment to hear *In nomine Patris*, the voice of the Lord Abbot grown impatient, beginning the Mass. But it was no tone of the Abbot's that broke at last the stillness, the wonderful note came surely from the poor little shivering body of the wicked Roger, and a note so strong and sweet and low that Master John stepped back from him in fear. And it was the first note of the *Adeste Fideles*, the sweetest hymn of Christendom.

All heads were raised and faces full of wonder as that pure clarion rang forth into the silence, making it live; coming like a ray of burning light cutting through darkness, like a voice calling from afar through valleys of fiery crystal—the voice of one calling to the faithful, who himself was faithful no longer, for faith with him had vanished into sight.

Læti—triumphantes—and surely angels were dancing among the rafters of the old church, for the gladness and the triumph

swelled up greatly to Heaven, and then with hush and awe sank down in adoration to the lowly Bethlehem.

And it all came from Roger, trembling now no longer, but standing boldly before all the church, with hands together pointed in prayer, with head thrown back and eyes brim-full of tears. And below him in the gloom of the nave a world of upturned faces, and the little King, with clasped hands, weeping too.

A moment's pause, and Roger feared that the glad power that possessed him would leave him now. But no, for strong and true, and with the same unearthly ring, came the call to look on Him that was born of woman, and the same strong voice of triumph called Him King.

And then at the end it was one strong, piteous cry of love, that moved the heart :

Venite, Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Bethlehem.

And it was finished. The choir took up the strain, shrilling clear and high, for they had caught something of enthusiasm too. Yet after that beautiful song of ecstasy even the strong deep chant of the monks seemed poor and thin.

But Roger, sinful and afraid once more, had thrown himself on the ground, and was pressing his face against the cold stone of the floor. And the Precentor, moved with pity, lifted him up where he lay and held him in his arms. "Oh, Roger, Roger, my little Brother," he cried, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "how fortun'd ye to sing so heavenly, heavenly sweet?"

And he held him and would not let him go, though his whole heart was bursting with a great longing to be forgiven, to throw himself at Gloria's feet and beg and entreat to be forgiven. For all he wanted now was to be good ; after that little glimpse he had had of extatic joy, he wanted to be good for ever, to suffer anything to make sure of going to Heaven in the end. But Master John still held him, and the others crowded round, silent and staring like sheep, till they were sent back angrily to their places. It was no use struggling, he must wait a little, and presently slip away.

And so he knelt by Master John, hearing Mass, but all the while whispering under his breath, "Gloria, Gloria Patri, forgive me, forgive me." And he felt about with his knee until he found an uneven edge of flagstone, and then pressed on it with

his whole weight to make it hurt ; and it was all for penance, and for Gloria.

But all the while he was watching his opportunity to slip away, though it was very long in coming. At last, after the Elevation, when he saw that the Precentor's eyes were tight shut and his lips moving in prayer, he tried, and had almost reached the door when he felt a strong hand on his shoulder staying him. Then he struggled and cried aloud, as one whose wounded limb is roughly handled, and the good Precentor believed him crazed and covered his mouth lest he should disturb the church. And now truly he was in a worse pass than ever, for when the long Mass was at last over, he was kept apart from the rest and given over to the infirmarians. And they, being very tired, shut him in a small cell, giving him many coverings against the cold, and left him, bidding him sleep. And as they were going, and all hope of escape seemed lost, he tried to tell them of Gloria up in the tower ; but they thought him crazed all the more, and sadly shook their heads and went away.

He flung off the comfortable warm wrappings as soon as they had gone ; such things were not for one who had sinned and was unforgiven. He stood in the middle of the cell feeling the cold draw in through the crevices of the window and the locked door, shivering as it struck his flesh like icy water, making it creep and ache. And he was glad of the pain, and glad to hear his poor teeth chattering, and he only wished he could open the window and make it worse. And his comfort was to think of all he would do for Gloria when he was forgiven ; how he would always help him to get the note at choir practice, and never again pretend not to notice when his gown was tugged. And he would ask to give up his office to Gloria, and on cold nights he should always have one of his blankets, and everything else he asked for he should have. And thinking thus and fumbling with the window, he at last got it to open and the fierce air blew in upon his face. But it was not so much the cold that made him start as what he saw outside.

For thrown, jet black on the shining snow, lay the shadow of the monastery buildings, and, stretching far beyond them all, itself invisible, the mighty shadow of the awful tower. And he stared and stared at it, for it seemed to bring him nearer to Gloria, and yet somehow it frightened him, it looked so big and black and wicked on the snow. And once he thought he saw

something move along the top of the shadow ; and then again it seemed that something black and shapeless was gathering there, and he feared to look any more, only prayed aloud for Gloria.

He meant not to close the window at all, but the cold air made him ; he did it almost without knowing it. And then he sat huddled up in one corner on the flags while the long, inky-black hours of darkness drifted by.

He must have dozed a little, for sleep is sometimes more merciful than we know, but it was still dark when a step outside startled him, and from its sound he knew it could not be one of the monks. A great hope sprang up in his heart, for he knew that the key was in the lock on the other side. He beat at the door frantically, shouting and calling aloud.

And to his joy he heard the key grate in the lock and the door open, showing to his eyes, accustomed to the dark, the outline of a big man in the opening. Then a thick voice from the shadow asked where was to be had a draught of ale for an honest, thirsty man ? and before the words were out of his mouth Roger was past him and away, grasping tight the precious keys of the tower and scarcely believing in his fortune.

The whole place was still as death, but once he saw in the distance the figure of a monk with a lantern going towards the church, and knew that it could not be very far off the time for the Mass of the Aurora, the second Mass of the Nativity, sung always when the first faint light of morning could be seen in the eastern sky. But he reached the door that led to the great tower unobserved, fearing nothing now but that someone should stop him before he could get to Gloria.

And as he climbed up the winding staircase he thought eagerly of what he would do at the top ; how he would stand still and let Gloria smite him in the face and bear it meekly, and he would let himself be trampled on and his head knocked against the wall, and all the while he would be quite patient and kiss Gloria's feet and beg to be forgiven. And perhaps Gloria would make him fall downstairs, and then he might be killed. Only he must not be quite killed, because he must make confession first and be shriven, and perhaps it would be better to be beaten a little too ; and then he would die and go to God and sing like that for ever. And as he hurried round and round up the steps, he never even thought of the ghost, being so full of hope and penitence.

And at last he reached the little door that had Gloria on the other side of it. He did not open it at once, as he had at first intended, because he was afraid that Gloria might rush past him before he had time to ask for pardon, so he knelt down on the step outside and cautiously opened the door a very little way.

"Gloria," he whispered through the crack, "I beseech thee in very lowly wise to pardon me. Behold my meekness, broder, and leave thy anger."

He listened, still holding the door, but no answer came from the tower to this appeal. He must be sleeping, thought Roger, and he banged the door to once or twice with a great clatter.

"Gloria," he cried more loudly, "I come to make amends, good broder. I beseech thee as much as I can to pardon me."

And still no answer, but the same strange silence. He must be very angry, thought Roger, for Gloria was not one to sulk like this.

"Gloria, dear Gloria," he entreated again. "O come and beat me for the love of Jesu: smite my head against the wall. I will never a word though ye kill me, loving broder."

And still no answer. In sheer desperation Roger thrust the fingers of both hands through the narrow opening of the door and held them there. "O leave thy anger, dear Gloria," he pleaded; "see I would have ye crack my fingers in the door to make amends." And he shut his eyes and shuddered at the thought of the agony when the heavy door should bite in upon them.

But never a sound from beyond the door, and the cold air cut his fingers like a knife; and a breath of it swept in upon his face, ghostly, like the touch of the cold hand. And a terrible thought came then to Brother Roger.

He started up and pushed the door wide open and rushed forth on to the snowy roof.

"Gloria, Gloria, mine own dear broder," he wailed. "O speak to me for the love of Blessed Jesu but one word."

But the silence of the great tower mocked him, and the pinnacles loomed dark and threatening against the sky. And right in front by the parapet a dreadful white thing, hunched and patient and still.

Not Gloria, not Gloria, that suffering thing: but the warm boy's arms were thrown round it, and a hot flushed cheek pressed close against its coldness. "O wake, dear Gloria, wake; it is all over now."

And the child's cry of agony that went up to God from the tower was drowned as it rose by the cry from below of the mighty bells, the bells loud pealing for the breaking of the dawn of Christmas.

And in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of morning—but the dawn had come for Gloria already, in a much more splendid way.

The Lord Abbot would not hear of one single alteration in any of the Christmas festivities. "So one of us went for Christmas to our brethren of Abingdon," said the Lord Abbot, "we should be simple to weep. And now hath this little one gone to that great house our Father[†] Benedictus ruleth over in Heaven." And when one suggested that the child by the just retribution of God had been punished thus terribly for disobedience, the Abbot was very displeased, and severely rebuked that Brother for his lack of charity.

For the face of the child was peaceful, which they took for a plain miracle, and it wore a happy and gladsome look, which was certainly hard to account for. They said nothing to the lords and the King, but in a little chamber within the monastery they laid him out, and there they knelt and prayed some of them all day long. A dark room filled with the sobbing of children, where a little white face shone in the midst of flickering tapers, the face of Gloria, and even the smudge still there, as some could see with a wounding pity.

And towards evening the little King came to hear of the matter, and must needs go pray a while by the child, though my Lord of Warwick, in his bluff way, would have denied him. And he knelt there long, looking at the quiet face, and it may be wished that he too might fold his hands and be at peace, the weary heart-ache of his life of failures ended.

What would have become of Roger that dreadful morning, but for a fortunate accident, it is very difficult to say. It happened however that when the ceremonies of the second Mass were over, Master John Lydgate had occasion to visit the belfry to see if the lights had all been well extinguished. And as he stood there with his lantern peering all round into the gloom, he heard a moaning and a pitiful sobbing somewhere near. A man of less stout heart might have thought of the ghost and fled, but Master John, who was always on the look-

out for incidents he could put into his great poem, proceeded to investigate. And under a bench he found a limp and abject figure which on further inspection proved to be Roger, half dead with fear and moaning that he was a murderer and had killed dear Gloria and had lost his soul for ever.

It was perhaps fortunate for Roger that his finder was Master Lydgate, for though there were many wiser men in the monastery, there were few who had a kinder heart. And Master John in his youth had been no great saint himself, as with much humility he told the world in the verses he left for his testament.

So now he did not fall to rebuking and chiding the sinful Roger, neither did he threaten him overmuch. "Nay, child," he said, when he had heard his story, "ye shall indeed be beaten with many stripes: but say not God shall damn thee, little Brother; for that were to rob Almighty Jesu of the thank of His bitter Passion."

And then Master John, who was never so exact in his observance of the rule as might have been desired, did a very irregular thing. "Kneel down, child," he said, "and confess thy sin to me, God's simple priest; and for penance ye shall go to my Lord Abbot." And this in the teeth of the Obedientiary, which forbade the members of the Schola to go to any but the Abbot and Prior for confession.

So Roger confessed and was shriven to his very great comfort. And afterwards he did long and bitter penance, losing his office in the school and becoming a byword and a reproach among his brethren. Some indeed were loud in their complaints that the Abbot should suffer such a reprobate to remain among them. "*Tantillus puer tantusque peccator!*" they used to say, with St. Augustine, "so small a child and so grievous a sinner!" Only they did not generally say so to the Abbot.

And Roger indeed tried very hard to bear it all meekly and with a contrite heart, and grew up a good monk serving God faithfully. And long years afterwards, when the memory of his sin had passed away and he had come to be a great man in the house, sometimes on Christmas Eve he would tell the story to the brethren by the fire of the calefactory. And he always wept and begged them to pray for him. And he would say he had ever believed and did so then most firmly, that not he, but Gloria sang the hymn that night, and for Gloria it was perhaps his first song with the angels. Then would some of the brethren, who were philosophers, take upon themselves to

rebuke him for his words. "*Anima est forma corporis*, carissime pater," they would say, quoting the Angelical. But Roger the monk was stout in maintaining in spite of difficulties, that Gloria sang, not he, though submitting in all things to the authority of holy Thomas. And he would often avoid further criticism by quoting the poem Master John Lydgate wrote in memory of the event, of which the last verse ran like this :

God that was of Mary bore,
And death suffered on roode tree,
Lette us never byfore lore,
Jesu if Thy wille be.
Comely Queen that art so free,
Pray thy Sone for oure sake,
In Heaven a sight of you to see,
And here to amendes make. Amen.

And so would the ending of the story be in friendliness, and with a prayer to the Blessed Mother of us all, than which, to my thinking, there can be no better way.

RHYS PRYCE.

Is it Shakespeare?

THE literature of the Bacon-Shakespeare question grows apace, and the volume whose title we have appropriated for the heading of this article is merely one of many.¹ It is however the newest as well as the most bulky of recent contributions to the subject, and the terms in which it was announced hinted darkly at revelations which would cause the devout Shakespearian to tremble in his shoes.² But despite the trepidation with which we cut the pages, we have not found anything very alarming in Mr. Begley's essay,³ nor, with the exception of an unpleasant suggestion about Lord Bacon, have we come upon anything particularly new. The first chapter indeed is confessedly an importation of wares "made in Germany," though

¹ Amongst these may be specially noted on the Baconian side Judge Webb's *Mystery of William Shakespeare*, Lord Penzance's posthumous work *The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*, Mr. Edwin Reed's *Bacon-Shakespeare Parallelisms*, and the same author's *Francis Bacon our Shakespeare*.

² *Is it Shakespeare?* The great question of Elizabethan Literature, answered in the light of new revelations and important contemporary evidence hitherto unnoticed. By a Cambridge Graduate. Murray, 1903.

³ The following dedication, which, to economize space, I print continuously, appears on a flyleaf, the lines in italics appearing in red: "To all serious students of Elizabethan literature, Shakespearians or Baconians, cipherers, decipherers, or reviewers, the author wisheth happiness and unite under one head, one motto, and one trilateral banner. Thus subscribing himself:

*So, Reviewers, save my Bacon,
O let not Folly mar delight;
These my name and claim unriddle
To all who set the Rubric right."*

This is moreover repeated on p. 349, with the addition:

*The discoverer in the middle
My last book will to me unite.*

A writer in the *Athenæum* promptly deciphered the anagram, which reads thus: "Walter Begley, the discoverer of Milton's *Nova Solyma*." The interpretation is too pat to be due to mere coincidence, and the fact that Mr. Begley, in the Preface to the *Nova Solyma*, describes the Bacon-Shakespeare question as towering above all other literary problems makes assurance doubly sure. With regard to this earlier discovery of the author's, it is interesting to note that in the British Museum Catalogue the *Nova Solyma* as edited by Mr. Begley is entered among Milton's supposititious works.

improved upon, it is contended by the English editor. Seeing that it *is* the first chapter, and that the author devotes two full-page facsimiles to it, describing this discovery as now "almost certain," there can be no unfairness in using it as a test of his general sanity and balance of judgment.

It is well known to all Shakespearian students that the first work of any kind to appear in print in connection with the name afterwards so famous was the poem *Venus and Adonis* (1593). The title-page contained no reference to the author, but the dedication to the Earl of Southampton, describing the work as "the first heir of my invention" was signed in full, William Shakespeare. This was followed the year after (1594) by another poem, *The Rape of Lucrece*, written in the same metre, and bearing another signed dedication to the Earl of Southampton. This address begins with the words:

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this Pamphlet without beginning, is but a superfluous Moity; &c.

It is signed:

Your Lordship's in all duety,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Now the language here used about beginnings and ends¹ suggested to the German discoverer of this new Baconian argument that he should look closely at the beginning and end of the poem for a clue to the authorship. The first two lines, following the common practice of the compositors of that age in printing poetry, were set up thus, with a big capital F:

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire.

Taking the capitals of these two lines we get FRA. B. which, to quote Mr. Begley, "is another way of writing Bacon's name, and is *exactly* the moiety² of the whole signature."

¹ The explanation of the words "this pamphlet without beginning" is quite natural and obvious. The poem plunges *in medias res* and assumes that the whole story of Collatinus' boast and the trial of the wives was known to the reader. Probably it was originally presented to Southampton, together with its dedication, in manuscript. When printed, this absence of a beginning was supplied by an "Argument" relating briefly in prose the incidents upon which the poem was founded.

² The word *moiety* does not necessarily mean "half" as Mr. Begley assumes; it is used by Shakespeare in the sense of portion (see 1 Henry IV. iii. 1).

Methinks my moiety north from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours.

The question in this passage, as the context shows, is not of the half but of a third part. "Moiety," therefore=portion, instalment. See Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*.

Moreover, since it runs into the second word of the signature Francis B | acon, it is, according to the same writer, a "superfluous or overflowing moiety." But this is not all. If we turn to the end of the poem we find the two final lines arranged thus:

The Romaines plausibly did give consent
To TARQUINS everlasting banishment.
FINIS.

Now a straight line drawn from the F of FINIS can be made to cut off both the *ba* of banishment and the *con* of consent; giving us, of course, the name F. bacon.¹ This evidence, as Mr. Begley considers, is much strengthened by sonnet xxvi. which bears a general resemblance to the dedication of *Lucrece*, and concludes with the couplet:

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee
Till then not *show my head* where thou mayst prove me.

The author entitles this chapter "Bacon shows his head," and considers the head to be shown in the "monogram cipher," F^R_B, of *Lucrece*, referring to it as "one of the very few direct, external, and visible proofs that we have of the authorship of the sonnets." For a writer who speaks not without scorn of the ciphers of "certain well-advertised American authors, Mrs. Gallup, to wit, and others," this is not bad.

Mr. Begley tells us that the remarkable discovery just noticed is due to a "German publisher and printer who has devoted much time to the Bacon Shakespeare secret;" but with regard to the scholar's name he maintains a discreet reticence. Can it be that he is afraid that Herr Edwin Bormann might be already known to some of his readers as one of the very wildest of Baconian cranks, and in all respects the worthy rival of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and Mrs. Gallup? In any case, the length to which the German scholar pushes his extravagances will hardly be credited. Take, for instance, this very *Lucretia-Beweis*, as he calls it. Mr. Begley has omitted to tell us that in Herr Bormann's original argument the spelling of the concluding words of the dedication, "Yours in all *duety*, William Shakespeare," are also held to be vastly significant.² *Duety*

¹ It should be noted that subsequent editions of *Lucrece*, though published in Bacon's lifetime, and professing to be "newly revised," show no trace of this arrangement. The word FINIS is printed there without any reference to the position of the *ba* and *con*.

² See Bormann, *Die Kunst des Pseudonyms*, 1901, or more fully in the tract *Der Lucretia-Beweis*, Leipzig, 1900.

is so written in order to suggest duality, *i.e.*, "Yours in my double character of Bacon-Shakespeare." Moreover, he finds similar clues in almost every title-page of the early quarto editions. Here are one or two specimens. In the quarto of *Richard II.*, 1597, the title-page is arranged thus:

THE
TRAGEDIE OF KING RI-
CHARD THE SE-
COND.

*As it has been publickely acted
by the right Honourable the
Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser-
vants.*

Herr Bormann notes the arbitrary division of the word *se-cond*, and declares that it is significant and meant to awaken attention. Accordingly, taking the first letter of each of the two lines below the division and the first three letters of the syllable *cond* itself, he triumphantly produces bAcon. Could anything be more clear and convincing? So again in the 1608 quarto of *Henry V.*

THE
CHRONICLE HISTORY
OF HENRY THE FIFT, WITH HIS
BATTELL FOUGHT AT AGINCOURT IN
FRANCE. *Together with an-
cient Pistoll.*

Here you take (Heaven only knows why) the first letter of the second line, the first letter of the third, the first of the fourth, and the four first of the fifth. These when properly arranged will give you *Fr. Bacon*. The reader will probably think that we are grossly caricaturing the argument. We can only bid him get the *Kunst des Pseudonyms* and see for himself. So in the 1604 *Hamlet* where a full stop has been accidentally printed beside the B. which is the signature of the leaf, we are bidden to take this with an *Exit Franc.* which occurs above, and are instructed that Franc. B. stands for Bacon. So also whenever in printer's device or ornamental headpiece a human back is seen, Herr Bormann looks about to discover a prominent syllable *con*, and again evolves Back-con; or he takes *Ba* from the title-page of the first part of a play and *con* from the title-page of the second part, with of course the same result. But

it will be thought that a little of this goes a long way. Let us only add, then, Herr Bormann's brilliant interpretation of the motto from Ovid which stands upon the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

Here the discerning critic will perceive, especially if he be an adept in German Latin pronunciation, that by *Vilia miretur* we are meant to understand *Veeliam miretur*, and that the cryptic meaning is: "Let the vulgar herd gape after Veeliam (Shakespeare); but it is to me (Francis Bacon) that Apollo must supply full goblets from the Castalian fount."

This, then, is the meritorious but neglected author whom Mr. Begley, without naming him, has sought to introduce to the British public. It would be unfair, no doubt, to represent Mr. Begley as an out-and-out believer. He obviously has his suspicions about the validity of some of Herr Bormann's conclusions; for he says:

Some of the Shakespearian Quartos have words oddly divided on their title-pages, and the syllable *con*, the latter part of Bacon, is often prominently put forward there; but the general result is too fanciful at present to attach much importance to it, unless it be considerably improved.

Still the sentence preceding this passage makes it clear that other equally fantastic suggestions of Herr Bormann regarding cryptic signatures of Goethe and Wieland in works anonymously published by them find favour in Mr. Begley's eyes. The matter is too long to go into here, and we can only say in general that this first chapter completely shakes our faith in the author's power of weighing evidence.¹ He is just the sort of man who would follow with much ingenuity and determination any sort of will-o'-the-wisp theory which happened to chime in with some pet fancy of his own.

If we devote our second criticism to chapter ii., it must not be supposed that we have not penetrated beyond the threshold of

¹ How entirely this discovery is bound up with the substance of Mr. Begley's essay is shown by his returning to the point more than once, and seemingly each time with increased conviction, e.g., p. 305. "Did Bacon sign that fine poem (*Lucrece*) cryptographically on its first page and its last. . . . Let us not waste time by arguing whether it was *likely* or not—the signature is there and we are to pronounce upon it. . . . If we accept this evidence as sufficient to show that Francis Bacon certainly wrote *Lucrece* . . . then the whole controversy is practically settled."

Mr. Begley's volume. We have read steadily through the whole, but the second chapter seems to us specially useful as illustrating characteristically the procedure of so many convinced Baconians. To the general reader who has neither time nor opportunity to verify the statements successively presented to him, the argument might easily seem of quite formidable conclusiveness, but tested link by link we venture to say that it is absolutely worthless. The chapter professes to show that the two satirists, Marston and Hall, knew that Bacon was the author of *Venus and Adonis* as early as 1598. The line of argument is this. Amongst the multitude of fictitious names, such as Sorbo, Tubrio, Luxurio, Lollo, Matho, &c.,¹ under which these two versifiers veiled the identity of those whom they attacked, occurs both in Hall and in Marston the name Labeo. The two satirists were fierce enemies of one another, and when Mr. Begley takes it for granted that the Labeo of Hall is identical with the Labeo of Marston, he is simply making a huge assumption. He himself admits that even for the same writer, the Tubrio which Marston mentions in one place "is a very different character from the Tubrio he mentions in another place." Moreover, his argument, based on the vaguest indications, supposes that Marston in the very same book refers in one place to this Labeo as "most of me beloved," while a little above he describes him as "a trencher-slave," ready to "extenuate some Lucrece rape," and "magnificate lewd Jovian lust." But assuming for argument's sake that both satirists have in view the same Labeo and that he is identified by a quotation in Marston with the author of *Venus and Adonis*, the question still remains, who is this Labeo, to whom *Venus and Adonis* must be attributed?

The clue, (says Mr. Begley,) is given by Marston, but cunningly concealed in a way that few would notice or comprehend. But when it is noticed, it becomes one of the most direct proofs we have on the Bacon-Shakespeare question, and what is more, a genuine and undoubted contemporary proof. The missing Labeo, the author of *Venus and Adonis*, appears under a Latin veil in the following interrogatory line addressed to Hall:

"What, not *mediocria firma* from thy spite?"²

¹ It is obvious that many of these names were more or less obviously significant, founded on simple words in Latin, English, or Greek, and probably alluding in most cases either to personal peculiarities or moral defects.

² Marston, *Satires*, iv. 77.

That is to say: "What, not even *mediocria firma* escape thy spite?" That Latin veil is thin and transparent enough in all conscience. It's BACON'S OWN MOTTO,¹ and I am gazing at it now, finely engraved over that well-known portrait of *Franciscus Baconus Baro de Verulum*, which faces the frontispiece of my early edition of his *Sylva Sylvarum*.

Now the general reader, in nine cases out of ten, impressed by this note of triumph and cowed by such a display of capitals, will go his ways satisfied that this marvellous clue is clearly connected by Marston with Labeo—for otherwise it tells us nothing. True the writer does not say that Labeo is named, but one of course supposes that he is indicated quite unmistakably, until one chances to examine for oneself the context of the line quoted. It will hardly be believed that the passage contains not the faintest hint that Labeo is alluded to. Here, however, are the actual words:

Fond censurer! why should those Mirrors seeme
So vile to thee? which better judgments deeme
Exquisite then, and in our polished times
May run for sencefull tollerable lines.
What not *mediocria firma* from thy spight?
But must thy envious hungry fangs needs light
On Magistrates Mirrour. Must thou needs detract
And strive to worke his antient honor's wrack?²

Now it is admitted that Marston is here rebuking Hall. It is admitted that Hall had devoted a whole satire to ridiculing those books of old-fashioned verse (there were two or three of them and the volumes had different authors), which had appeared forty years earlier under the generic title of a *Mirror for Magistrates*. Marston's meaning is perfectly plain. He charges Hall with indiscriminate railing. Nothing is safe from him, even the poor old-fashioned *Mirrors* are attacked. Where he is concerned mediocrity is not safe. Nothing can be more plain than that the words *mediocria firma* are used as a common proverbial phrase.³ Marston begins this passage with the *Mirrors* and ends with the *Mirrors*. Neither in Hall's satire, to which this is a reply, nor in Marston's is there the least word to suggest Labeo, or anything to do with Labeo. The only legitimate conclusion that could be drawn here from the fact that the words *mediocria firma* were used as the Bacon

¹ The capitals are Mr. Begley's.

² Marston, *Reactio*, ll. 73—80.

³ Mr. Begley himself tells us how Lord Chief Justice Popham in 1603 referred to these words as generally familiar, though known as the posy of Sir Nicholas Bacon, *In medio spatio mediocria firma locantur*.

family motto, would be that Marston believed the old Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, to have been the author of one of the *Mirrors*; which might conceivably be true, but does not in the least help the Baconian argument. It throws not a little light on the character of the writer we are criticising to find this crazy fabric of conjectures described beforehand in such terms as the following:

Our next step is a surer one still, it is nothing less than showing by a clear, direct and unmistakable piece of evidence, that Labeo, the author of *Venus and Adonis*, is no less a personage than Bacon.

We can only say that Mr. Begley's ideas of what is *clear*, *direct* and *unmistakable* evidence must differ very considerably from ours.

We have no intention of tracking Mr. Begley step by step through the elaborate and very confused demonstration which occupies the greater part of his volume and which professes to prove that Bacon was the author of the Sonnets. That there is an unpleasant moral side to the Sonnets must we fear be admitted, but the writer before us is not of course the first person to tell us that. That Bacon's character in early life was marred by this very blot is also quite possible, though we think that a scrap of gossip preserved by Aubrey is extremely poor evidence on which to establish such a charge,¹ even though it be confirmed by an intimacy between Bacon and the dissolute Antonio Perez, the latter being then about fifty-four years old, and Bacon twenty years younger. What is more, Aubrey's note refers not so much to the period of Bacon's youth as to the time when he held judicial office. But in any case why should Aubrey's gossip about Bacon, for which he gives no authority, be accepted unquestioningly, while the same writer's statements about Shakespeare's parts and education, statements which come with an excellent pedigree from a likely source, are altogether ignored. To Mr. Begley, Shakespeare in 1591—1593 "had hardly yet shaken off his dialect or the manners of the stable yard,"² though he had then

¹ Whatever may be said of the utility of Aubrey's collections, he was distinctly a man of unclean mind. Gossip of an unpleasant character had a special attraction for him. Even now his notes cannot be edited even for students without excisions. He has left behind him the draft of an exceedingly coarse, not to say filthy comedy, designed possibly with excellent intentions, but unprinted, and unprintable. See A. Clarke's Edition of Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, vol. i. p. v. and vol. ii. p. 333.

² P. 136.

been four or five years at least in London, and had probably performed with the best London company of players in presence of an aristocratic audience for nearly as long a time. And even before Shakespeare came to London, if Aubrey may be trusted, "he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey." The whole theory of Bacon's connection with the Sonnets is in fact a nebulous piece of speculation built upon conjectures absolutely unverified and often highly improbable. That there is a certain *prima facie* difficulty in crediting the existence of so very passionate a friendship between the raw country lad and the great Earl of Southampton I do not wish to deny; but we are in no way bound to accept the Southampton theory of the origin of the Sonnets as the only possible theory.¹ We are really in complete ignorance about the whole matter in spite of all that has been written on the subject. If we granted all Mr. Begley's premisses his solution would amount to no more than a fairly plausible hypothesis, which no sound judge of evidence would for a moment allow to weigh against direct testimony. Now there is one piece of direct testimony in this matter which seems to us to be of supreme importance; it is the statement published as early as 1598, by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, to the following effect:

As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras; so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in Mellifluous and hony-tonged Shakespeare; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred sonnets among his private friends.²

Now it must be remembered that Shakespeare's sonnets were not printed until eleven years after the appearance of this eulogium, consequently the Sonnets were known as Shakespeare's Sonnets while still only preserved as manuscript copies in the hands of his (Shakespeare's) private friends. We should

¹ Perhaps the most extravagant of many extravagant suggestions in Mr. Begley's book is that which asks us to believe that "sugred sonnets" means sonnets of which the ink was powdered with sugar to make it glisten (p. 276). What would he make, we wonder, of the "sugred tongues" attributed to Venus, Lucrece and other Shakespearean creations in Weever's Epigram (1599)?

² For an hypothesis which would meet all that is serious in Mr. Begley's difficulties, we may suggest that "Mr. W. H.," was a patron who commissioned Shakespeare to write sonnets for him. The Sonnets, therefore, would reflect not Shakespeare's emotions, but the amours of Mr. W. H., who may have been a lame man and elderly.

be curious to know how Mr. Begley and Baconians generally propose to interpret this testimony. If Meres really meant Shakespeare the actor when he wrote thus, then how, we may ask, on the Baconian theory did Bacon's sonnets come into the hands of Shakespeare's private friends eleven years before they were printed? That Bacon, when publishing a book or sending out plays to be acted for the world at large, may have found it convenient to use Shakespeare's name is at least intelligible; but if he were only writing for the behoof of some object of his affections, writing, moreover, poems that were in their own nature scandalous, why should he allow copies to circulate among Shakespeare's friends? Why bring in Shakespeare at all? Surely the fewer copies that were made the better. But Mr. Begley, and perhaps others, will say that Meres was in the secret, and that when he speaks of Shakespeare he has his tongue in his cheek, and means the author who finds it convenient to be known as "Shakespeare." To this we must say first, that there is not the slightest hint in Meres that Shakespeare's name is used differently from the names of Jonson, Lodge, Chapman, and the rest of whom he speaks; and, secondly, that there is no assignable reason why Meres should have been more privileged than his neighbours in being entrusted with so delicate a secret. Indeed the whole situation imagined by Mr. Begley is to us absolutely incredible. On the one hand, he supposes the scandal of the sonnets to have been of so deadly a nature that Bacon to his dying day could never avow his authorship of any, even the least portion, of the Shakespeare poems or plays; moreover, that his confidants, Ben Jonson, Dr. Rawley, and the rest quite gratuitously kept up the deception about "Shake-speare"¹ after their patron's death. On the other hand, he sees no difficulty in believing that two such scurrilous writers as Marston and Hall had divined

¹ The long passage of mingled eulogy and criticism of Shakespeare which appeared after Bacon's death in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods* is a conspicuous example. Why should he have gone to the trouble of keeping up this elaborate farce if he knew that Bacon and "Shakespeare," to each of whom he pays a separate tribute, were one and the same person, now no longer even represented by an heir? Bacon he puts before us as almost above criticism, "one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that have been in many ages." But of "Shakespeare," of whom the players said "he never blotted out a line," we have the famous "would he had blotted a thousand." And we find such qualified praise as "His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too." "He redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned," referring throughout not so much to his writings as to the writer's personal character.

the great secret of "Shakes-peare's" authorship before 1598, that it was known to half the young gallants and fine ladies about the Court, as well as to literary men like Sir Toby Matthew,¹ Francis Meres,² Anthony Munday,³ Davies of Hereford,⁴ Ben Jonson,⁵ John Florio,⁶ Sir Edward Coke,⁷ &c., not to speak of a certain number of Shakespeare's fellow-actors who performed in the plays, the printers who set up the type, and Bacon's own amanuenses who transcribed the copies. If all these people knew that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, why was the secret, or what was left of it, so dangerous that, even after Bacon's death, it could not be made public?

But the whole Baconian theory swarms with inconsistencies the moment it advances one step beyond the stage of propounding vague objections against the orthodox view. It had been our intention to say a few words in answer to some of the more familiar of these difficulties, but for the present, at least, we must content ourselves with touching upon just two particular points raised in the work before us.

The first, the question of the hyphenated "Shake-speare," need not detain us long. We should have considered it too puerile for discussion, if it were not that Mr. Begley recurs to this matter more than once, and considers that it points to a "concealed personality,"⁸ which he associates with the spear-brandishing Pallas Athene,⁹ a likely mask for Bacon the philosopher. To us it seems that Mr. Willis's excellent sketch of the question, with its documentary appendix, ought to settle the matter once and for all. Any one who studies the title-pages which he reproduces, will see that not only is the ordinary spelling Shakespeare always the most frequent and also found in the earliest books, but that the hyphenated form "Will. Shake-Speare," with even a second capital letter, appears in the folio edition of Jonson's plays (1616) in the list of the actors at the first performance of *Sejanus*, where it *must* refer to Shakespeare the actor, and cannot by any possibility be a

¹ P. 76.² P. 292.³ P. 291.⁴ P. 275.⁵ Pp. 100, 177.⁶ P. 185.⁷ P. 42.

⁸ P. 167, "This suspicious and uncalled-for hyphen." P. 283, "Personally, I think there *is* a good deal in this peculiar change into Shake-speare." P. 292, "The magic name Shake-speare," &c.

⁹ Another brilliant idea of Herr Bormann's is that Shake-speare is merely a translation of Verulam. *Verum* or *vern* in Latin, he says, means a spear, and *lam* is an old English word signifying to pound or to beat, which is much the same thing as to shake. Hence Veru-lam=Shake-speare. Q.E.D.

sobriquet for Bacon.¹ The fact is, that Elizabethan printers used the hyphen with the same degree of licence with which they studded their pages with italics and capitals. Much stress has been laid upon the hyphen in the running title of *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (1609). But any one who examines that volume will find the hyphen used throughout the text with equal freedom. The word *themselves* occurs seven times in the volume, in five instances out of seven it appears with the hyphen, *them-selves*. Similarly in the same book we find *watch-man*; *back-ward look*; *over-turn*; *out-stript*; *for-lorn*; *wel-fare*; *something sweet*; *else-where*, &c. So too, in other books, even in the proper names we find such forms as *Lady Mount-Eagle*, *White-hall*, *Bucklers-bury*, &c. At the same time, it is probably true that the hyphen is more frequently met with in Shakespeare than in such names as Churchyard, Longstaffe, &c. The reason we believe to be probably this. When Shakespeare came up to London he no doubt modified the old rustic pronunciation of his name, Shaxper, into something which seemed to him more refined. It would be easy to quote many modern analogues. In the case of his own autograph he seems to have for the most part adhered to the spelling he used when a lad; but he may quite possibly have let it be known that he wished to be called Shake-speare, not Shaxper. Hence, while some will have considered the pronunciation sufficiently indicated by writing an *e* in the middle, others will have attained the same result still more effectually by using a hyphen as well.

The difficulty of Shakespeare's classical and linguistic attainments is a larger question much insisted upon by Lord Penzance, Judge Webb, Mr. Edwin Reed, and other writers anterior to Mr. Begley. How is it, they insist, that one who "had small Latin and less Greek"² should seem to own so profound an acquaintance with all classical lore and with much foreign literature as well? Our reply must be brief; but there are several points to be taken into account, which when duly considered, reduce this difficulty to very slender proportions.

And first, what seems to be so constantly forgotten, is that if

¹ *The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy*. By W. Willis. London: Sampson Low, 1902. Price three shillings. If, as Mr. Begley supposes, a writer in *Willo-bie his Avisa* (1594), uses the form Shake-speare advisedly to show that it was a sobriquet, this adds another to the list of those who shared the precious secret—and that as early as 1594!

² On Baconian principles it ought to be "Shake-speare," *i.e.*, Bacon himself, who, strange to say, "had small Latin and less Greek."

Jonson, Meres, Weever, Chettle, and numberless other contemporaries, who knew the man and his bringing-up ten thousand times better than we do, saw no difficulty, why should we? There is not a trace of a doubt, barring such figments of modern invention as the significance of the hyphen, expressed in any contemporary or quasi-contemporary record that Shakespeare wrote the plays and poems which bore his name. Many of his friends were first-rate classical scholars, and others were excellent linguists. Whether they helped him in his plots or not, and even though they may have accused him of filching from other people, they never suggested a doubt that the verse was his own. Even the "poet-ape" and the "upstart-crow" passages cannot be distorted into such a charge as this.

Secondly, there is absolutely no reason to believe that Shakespeare had not obtained a fair education in Latin, and very possibly in French, at the Stratford Grammar School. He was himself a schoolmaster, Aubrey declares. We may fairly assume abilities and quick perceptions of a rather exceptional order, but there seems no need to suppose more than this to supply what we afterwards discover in the way of positive knowledge.

Thirdly, it is commonly overlooked that the profession of actor in Shakespeare's day was in itself a classical education. Even such a play as the older *Troublesome Reign of King John*, upon which Shakespeare's *King John* was beyond all question modelled, is full of classical allusions. The play of *Orlando Furioso*, which we know to have been acted by Shakespeare's company, simply swarms with them. It is surely no extravagant supposition to imagine that an intelligent young actor of talent, were he even nothing more than an actor, would by some means acquaint himself with the meaning and allusions of the plays he took part in. Nay, we believe that we should have with us the vote of all who have ever conscientiously rehearsed a play, if we said that no school-room impresses both sense and words upon the memory so effectually as the boards of a theatre.

Lastly, the arguments used to prove that Shakespeare could not have come by this or that item of knowledge, are quite fallacious. Mr. Begley supplies various examples. Shakespeare could not, he says, have imitated du Bartas in a famous passage of *Venus and Adonis*, because the first English translation did not appear in print until five years afterwards, and he could not have known of the existence of a particular epithet in Ariosto's

Orlando Furioso, because the only published English translation omitted it. Now, even apart from the possibility of the poet's having learnt French or Italian during his four or five years' sojourn in London, the important fact is ignored that in Elizabeth's days, as we know from an overwhelming mass of examples, written books were still in very common use. Even in the case of the poems of a man like Sir Philip Sidney, or in the instance of Shakespeare's own Sonnets, or of the religious poems of Father Southwell, copies went on being multiplied by hand for a long time before any printer thought it worth while to publish them. Hence the fact that we know of no printed translation of some foreign work before a certain date, is absolutely no proof that no translation was accessible.¹ A striking example of this exists in the case of Montemayor's Spanish Romance *Diana*, from which is taken the plot of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The first English translation of the *Diana* appeared in print in 1598, but we happen by chance to know that two years earlier, in 1596, another different translation had been completed in manuscript, and had been presented in that form with a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. The point might be pressed further, but it is but one of many, and if we drew attention to all the unsound arguments in Mr. Begley's book we should never have done.

More than once in the course of this volume the author invites his critics to call him a "crank," almost as earnestly as Dogberry on a famous occasion begged that a record should be made of a still more uncomplimentary epithet. May we add as our final word that, while respecting the courage with which the writer states his convictions, we really see no valid reason why his pious desire should not be gratified.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Mr. Sidney Lee deals with this point in his admirable *Life of William Shakespeare*. (Ed. 1898, p. 88, n.). Two manuscript copies of Father Southwell's poems known to us seem to have been produced by some professional scribe, and the close resemblance of the contemporary parchment binding suggests that they must have been turned out at the same establishment. The number of copies of *Leicester's Commonwealth* still extant in manuscript is almost incredible.

The Suppression of the Society of Jesus.

XVI.—THE EXECUTION OF THE BRIEF OF SUPPRESSION (1).

CLEMENT XIV.'s negotiation with the Powers was, as has been seen, shrouded in the strictest secrecy, and the perusal of such a diary as F. Thorpe's shows how imperfectly the doomed victims realized the fulness of their peril. At the beginning of the new Pontificate opinions were divided among the Roman Jesuits, some taking a despondent some a hopeful view of the prospects it held out to them. F. Thorpe belonged to the latter class, and perhaps his estimate of the state of feeling among his brethren may have been coloured in this sense. Still we can safely gather from his pages that the hopeful view was the more prevalent, and grew in force as the months passed by without yielding any decisive act for their destruction. They understood clearly that the Spaniards were their relentless foes, though they suspected Bernis to be on their side; but they were confident that Clement XIV. was doing his best to protect them. It was true he repelled them from his presence and kept on afflicting them by one oppressive measure after another. Still their trust in him did not fail. They only concluded that he was seeking to appease the Courts by reducing their influence, and perhaps intended to remodel their Constitutions, but they persisted in believing that he would never consent to their entire destruction. Meanwhile they were trying to pursue the quiet tenour of their lives. Some few of them indeed wrote anonymous though singularly temperate replies to the many slanderous charges which were circulating to their discredit; and others spoke in bitter terms of their persecutors and the injustice of their methods. Was this unnatural considering their circumstances, or is it imaginable that any other equally numerous body of men if subjected to the same treatment would have exercised a fuller self-restraint? Still these were the exceptions. As a whole, and as represented by their leading men, the Jesuits of the old Society in those anxious days of its last agony were not fomenting any counter-agitation, but were quietly pursuing, so far as it was possible,

the course of their ordinary religious duties, the domestic duties of their community life, and the external duties of teaching, preaching, and hearing confessions,—consoled to find that in the midst of all that was being said and done against them, their schools, their pulpits, and their confessionals continued to be well attended.

And what is thus said of the Religious generally was specially true of their chief Superior. Some of his subjects thought he might have been more strenuous in his endeavours to ward off the coming ruin; and it is possible, though far from certain, that a stronger ruler might have been better fitted for the times. Still what we now desiderate is a trustworthy estimate of his character, to set by the side of that given by the Bourbon Ministers, according to whom he was the very "focus of intrigue and fanaticism." Let us hear, then, the Augustinian P. Miguelez, who, after the perusal of Ricci's correspondence with Père Nectoux in 1775, writes:¹

This man has been much slandered by those who have called him a Machiavellian. I, who have before me his authentic letters, signed with his own hand, and written on paper at times sufficiently coarse, small, and excessively written over—points which testify, I fear, to the straits of poverty in which he then was—discern in these letters the faithful portrait of a beautiful soul, of a man of spotless life, of vast culture, of consummate prudence, and of a most solid piety which makes him lament over the abuses which have crept into his Order, in the sincere desire to correct them in silence and with closed doors. He did not fail to perceive the dark clouds impending over the Society throughout Europe; and like a man of great understanding and devout spirit, looked with a penetrating eye through that formidable conspiracy against it, and perceived clearly the finger of Providence pointing out the road of persecution as that by which their gold was to be purified and its dross removed.

And in illustration of Padre Ricci's peaceful spirit, Padre Miguelez notes how

He exhorted all the Spanish Jesuits to prudence and circumspection in their present circumstances, and bade them let nothing censurable be found in their conduct such as might hasten the approach of the calamities and persecutions they were fearing.

¹ *Jansenisme en España*, p. 301. Père Nectoux had been Provincial of Aquitaine before the expulsion from France, when he took refuge in Spain and resided in San Sebastian. His correspondence with the Father General fell into the hands of the Spanish officials at the time of the Spanish expulsion, and is now at Simancas. The two Fathers were men of kindred spirit, and the subject-matter of their letters was the sad state to which the Society was reduced, and what course its exiled members should pursue.

This is how the last General of the old Society appears to an impartial observer in the mirror of his private letters, and the seven beautiful letters which between¹ 1758 and 1773, he addressed to the entire Society, reflect the same image. The theme of them all is the right use of tribulation, and the necessity of looking beyond human agencies, to the Providence which desires through their instrumentality to spur on His servants to a more diligent exercise of the Christian virtues and a more earnest spirit of prayer.

Let us try to defend the honour of the Society [he wrote on November 13, 1763, when the persecution was beginning to spread], by the purity of our lives, by the holiness of our speech, by our unwearied zeal for the salvation of souls, but not by the tainted sounding of our own praises, nor by evil-speaking or contempt of others. [And in the very last of these letters, which bore the date of February 21, 1773, he wrote,] Infuse life into your prayers by an exact and fervent discharge of your spiritual duties, by your mutual charity to one another, by respectful obedience to those who stand to you in the place of God, by your patience in bearing labour and trials, poverty and insult, by your spirit of retirement and solitude, by the prudence and Evangelical simplicity with which you act, by your exemplary conduct, by your pious conversations. It is a Society instinct with this spirit whose preservation we ask of God. If (our Society) should be deprived of this spirit, which may God avert, it would matter little if it ceased to exist.

Such were the Jesuits and such was their General at the time when the fatal blow struck them. It was desirable that the reader should have the picture set before him, but we can now return to the history of their downfall.

The Brief, *Dominus et Redemptor*, has two main divisions, of which the former enumerates the Pontiff's motives for suppressing the Society, and the latter contains the actual decree of suppression, together with the prescriptions for disposing of the persons of its former members. For the student solicitous to form a judgment on the guilt or innocence of the Jesuits, the former is the valuable part, and it will be necessary to examine it carefully and compare it with the historical incidents to which it refers. It would be inconvenient, however, to break into the course of the narrative in which we are engaged, and we may therefore postpone this examination till afterwards, contenting ourselves in the mean-

¹ *Epistole Præsulum Generalium ad Patres et Fratres Societatis*, vol. ii. pp. 284, 300. Edit. of Ghent, 1847.

while with a passage from the Protestant historian Schœll, who writes: "This Brief condemns neither the doctrines, nor the morals, nor the discipline of the Jesuits. The complaints made against the Order are the sole motives for its suppression which are alleged, and the Pope justifies the measure by citing previous examples of Orders suppressed in deference to the demands of public opinion."¹ In other words, the Pope reasons that the Society, as long as it exists, will be a bone of contention between its friends and its foes, and the peace of the Church will suffer; for the sake of peace then it ought to be suppressed. That the Brief should take such a form would be significant enough if its wording had originated with the Pope, but we have seen how its real author was Moñino (now created in reward for his services the Conde de Florida Blanca). May we not take this singular fact as an implicit acknowledgment, not merely from Clement XIV., but also from the Spanish Ministers, that they had no evidence in their possession which sufficed for a condemnation of the Society?

¹ In its second and operative part the Brief (1) "extinguished and suppressed" the Society; (2) it took away from it all its offices and administrations, its houses, schools, &c., and abrogated all its statutes, its habits and customs, its decrees, constitutions, &c.; (3) it cancelled the authority and jurisdiction of all its Superiors, and forbade the admission of new members, or the advancement of present members to profession or other grades.

And as regards the future, "just as the Pope's intention was to consult for the utility of the Church and the tranquillity of the people, so in the paternal love which he bore for every one of the (Society's) individual members his intention was to grant them solace and aid, whereby, being freed from the contentions, dissensions, and distresses by which they had been hitherto vexed, they might cultivate the Lord's vineyard more fruitfully, and work more profitably for the salvation of souls." Wherefore (1) all the scholastics of the Society were to leave its houses within the space of a year, and being freed from the simple vows they had taken, might on leaving embrace any mode of life to which they felt called; (2) all in priest's orders must either enter another religious order or place themselves as secular priests under the jurisdiction of the Bishop where they might reside, their maintenance being secured to

¹ *Cours d'histoire des Etats Européens*, xliv. p. 83.

them from the revenues of the house to which they were attached at the time of the suppression; (3) those of the Professed for whom maintenance of this kind was not attainable, or who had no place to which they could go, or were aged or sick, might be gathered together in some house or houses of the extinct Society, there to remain, if necessary, till their death, but under the government of some secular cleric, and no longer wearing the Society's dress; (4) the Bishops might if they thought them suitable, employ the ex-Jesuit priests in preaching and administering sacraments, those excepted who were remaining in the houses formerly belonging to the extinct Society; (5) any of the ex-Jesuits, priests or scholastics, might be employed to teach in schools and colleges, provided they had no part in their government, and that they gave no offence by the character of their opinions; (6) the future administration of the foreign missions in which the Jesuits had been employed, the Pontiff reserved to himself for future settlement; (7) the ex-Jesuit priests might henceforth hold benefices.

Another point in this Brief which needs to be noticed is that it is a Brief not a Bull. The binding force of each is the same, but a Brief is a less solemn Papal utterance than a Bull, and is wont to be used when the object in view is of a less important kind. It was against all precedent to use this form for an object so serious as the suppression of a great Religious Order, which involved the abrogation of more than twenty previous Bulls. Why then, we ask, was it the form chosen by Clement XIV.? As no reason was given in any of the communications to the ambassadors—at least so far as we know—we are left to our own conjectures. One reason may have been that Clement XIV., who resolved on the suppression so reluctantly, may have wished to facilitate the restoration of the Society, if better days should come—for a Brief, just because it is a less solemn document, is wont to be more readily revoked. Probably, however, the chief motive which determined the selection, was that it required him to take fewer people into his confidence. A Brief requires only two signatures, those of the Cardinal Secretary of Briefs and of his Secretary Substitute; and Cardinal Negroni, the Secretary of Briefs, happened to be one of the very few Cardinals whom Clement was prepared to take into his confidence. A Bull would have had to be prepared in the Papal Chancery, there to pass through several hands, and before it was expedited to receive

the signatures of the Cardinal Pro-Datary and of about twenty other officials. Moreover, it would have been hardly decent to withhold it from the inspection of the assembled Cardinals in Consistory, whereas Clement XIV. wished to keep the Decree of Suppression an absolute secret from all his Cardinals until it had been intimated to the Order and it was too late to recall it.

In the last article notice was taken of a further deviation from the usual procedure in the issue of this document. It was not promulgated in the usual way by being proclaimed in the Campo di Fiori and placarded at the gates of the Vatican, nor, we must now add, was any alternative method of promulgation prescribed in its text. Theiner, who notes this circumstance, accounts for it on the ground that "it would have been ridiculous and cruel to observe this formality in the presence of so solemn an intimation." A suggestion so grotesque we may safely set aside. Doubtless the real reason was again the desire to keep the meditated blow a secret till the moment when it was to fall. Had there been the usual promulgation it must have preceded the intimation to the assembled communities, and in that case the news of what was to come would have reached them prematurely. Still, the defect of a promulgation *urbi et orbi* led to after-results which the Pope did not perhaps foresee.

As there was to be no public promulgation, what was done was to create a Special Congregation *pro rebus extinctæ Societatis*. It consisted of five Cardinals—Corsini (the President), Marefoschi, Zelada, Casali, and Carafa. These were assembled and instructed by Clement on August 6th, but the Brief, *Gravissimis ex causis*, by which they were formerly constituted, did not issue till August 13th. To this Congregation was entrusted the duty both of intimating the Brief to the Jesuits, and of taking all such subsequent measures as might be found necessary for its full execution. On the night of August 16th this Congregation sent official Visitors, attended by detachments of soldiers and police, to each of the Jesuit residences in Rome. The soldiers were to suppress any disturbances on the part of the populace, who were credited with a strong attachment to the condemned Religious; and for the same reason the Cardinals of the Special Commission held a session at the Carafa Palace, close to the Gesù, to be ready for any such emergency. The visits were simultaneous, and took place about nine o'clock. The Jesuits had received no previous

warning, and were taken completely unawares. F. Thorpe, who lived at the Penitentiary of St. Peter's, relates that the community had just sat down to supper when a loud and imperious ring at the door was heard; and, as probably all the houses had their meals at the same time, we may assume that the community of the Gesù were similarly engaged. Mgr. Macedonio was the Visitor sent to this mother-house of the Society. The police were left outside to line the streets.¹ The soldiers entered with Macedonio, and were at once distributed through the house to guard all its entrances and the doors to all its chambers. The beds were then dragged out of the rooms into the corridors, and it was there that the community were compelled to spend the night—it cannot be said to sleep—each being guarded by one sentinel and the General by eight. The night was almost entirely taken up by the invading party in searching the sacristies, the libraries, the rooms, and even the cellars. We have heard how the Society was accused of having turned its foreign missions into commercial associations, and of having thereby accumulated enormous wealth. It had been confidently stated that the greater part of this wealth was stored up at the Professed House, and a principal reason for making this sudden raid upon the communities was to get possession of their treasures before they could be removed elsewhere. The story was entirely imaginary, and as might have been expected, a comparatively small sum of money was in the house, in fact, about 40,000 scudi, the great part of which was money collected and set apart for the expenses of certain canonizations. This of course they secured, and they also set seals on all the papers and on every article of value in the sacristy or elsewhere. When the search was completed and the morning had come, the General and his community were bidden to assemble in a large hall, where the entire text of the Brief of Suppression was read to them by the Visitor. They listened to it submissively, and when the

¹ Although, however, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, a large crowd had gathered round the Gesù, they were perfectly quiet. Bernis, and after him Theiner, interpreted this as meaning that, though led to the spot by curiosity, they were indifferent to what was happening. But Mgr., afterwards Cardinal, Pacca, is a more trustworthy witness. He was in Rome both in 1773 and in 1814, and he tells us in his *Memorie Storiche* (P. iii. c. viii. p. 362) that "surprise and grief were to be seen on the countenance of almost every inhabitant on the publication of the Brief *Dominus et Redemptor*, whilst on the other hand it was impossible to count the cries of joy, the exclamations and plaudits of the good people of Rome when, on August 7, 1814, he accompanied Pius VII. to the Quirinal where the Bull of Restoration was to be read."

reading was finished the Father General bowed his head and protested they were prepared to render an entire and respectful obedience to the commands of his Holiness. On the evening of the 17th Cardinal Corsini, the President of the Special Commission, sent his carriage for the General. The message brought was couched in the form of a friendly invitation to take refuge in the English College. Thither, accordingly, he went in the clothes in which he stood up—for he was allowed to take nothing else with him—but when he arrived he found that there also he was practically a prisoner, forbidden to hold communication with any save the single lay-brother who was confined with him. The Jesuits left at the Gesù and other houses were detained there for eight days during which time new habits were being prepared for them. It was considered to be a mark of his kindness that the Pope took upon himself the expense of these garments, and so perhaps it was in the intention of his Holiness, but what happened was, as F. Thorpe puts it, that the Pope's treasurer "made a job of the tailors and the tailors made a job of us," the result being that their habits were made out of the coarsest cloth, ill-fitting, and coming down hardly below the knees, whilst their shoes were so narrow and of such bad quality that they could not walk in them without stumbling, and their feet quickly burst through the leather. Thus were they sent forth to excite the laughter of the people, who called them Priests of the Warehouse, with the as yet unfulfilled promise of twenty crowns to start them in facing the hard world. True they were to receive periodically a scanty pittance levied on the possessors of their former residences, but with the humiliating condition attached that on each application for these remittances they must bring with them an attestation of good conduct from the Cura of the parish in which they resided. Yet still their cup was not in the estimation of their persecutors sufficiently bitter, and on September 1st the Special Congregation, reversing a humane clause in the Brief of Suppression, forbade the Bishops to grant to any of them faculties to preach or hear confessions, thus condemning them to objectless lives.

Thus was an end made to the corporate existence of the Society in the Papal capital. To end it elsewhere, Cardinal Corsini, in the name of the Special Commission, despatched on August 18th an Encyclical Letter *ad omnes Episcopos*,¹

¹ The text of this Encyclical is given in Ravignan's *Clément XIII. et Clément XIV.* vol. i. p. 560.

acquainting them with what had been done in Rome, and authorizing and enjoining them to "proclaim, publish, and intimate the Briefs *Dominus et Redemptor* and *Gravissimis ex causis* (copies of which were enclosed) to the Jesuits assembled in every one of their houses, colleges, or residences, or wheresoever any of the individual members were to be found" within the jurisdiction of the respective Bishops. They were then to expel the ex-Jesuits from the said houses, and take possession of them, and of the letters and all the property in them or belonging to them, holding these till they should receive orders from his Holiness assigning the purposes to which they were to be applied.

During the next few weeks intimation of the Brief of Suppression was made under this Encyclical to the Jesuits in the Papal States, and also in some other parts of Italy. But in regard to the Bourbon States, and likewise in regard to the Empire, a serious difficulty arose. The Empress had declared that if she assented to the suppression, she still claimed for herself the right to dispose of the persons and possessions of the ex-Jesuits who were her subjects; in France the civil power had actually exercised this power of disposition since the date of the Edict of 1764; in Portugal, also, and Spain and Naples, the Crown had taken possession of the goods of the Society after the expulsions of 1759, 1767, and 1768; and, moreover, it was one of the cherished principles of Regalism that the goods and possessions of ecclesiastical corporations, being temporal, fell under the jurisdiction of the Crown. And yet whilst the Brief *Dominus et Redemptor* ignored this past allocation of Jesuit property by the civil power, the Brief *Gravissimis* empowered the Special Commission to inflict ecclesiastical censures on all persons "of whatever state, degree, quality, or dignity" who might be retaining, holding, or hiding any of the former Jesuit property. Had the Brief *Gravissimis*, like the Brief of Suppression, been submitted to Moñino before its issue, it is morally certain that he would have noted this provision, and have insisted on its transformation into one more acceptable to the Regalist mind. Probably it was to evade this danger—at least it is difficult to assign another reason for the step—that Clement had recourse to one of his petty expedients. He left the ambassadors uninformed both of the issue of the *Gravissimis* on the 13th (the Cardinals being placed by its terms under an oath of secrecy), of the intimation

of the *Dominus et Redemptor* on August 16th (of which they only learnt through popular rumour on the day following), and of the despatch of the Encyclical and the two Briefs on August 18th. They were not allowed to have any part in the transmission of the Briefs to their own Governments,¹ for the Pope caused them to be sent by the Congregation to the Nuncios, with the directions that they should communicate them to the sovereigns to whom they were accredited and to the Bishops of their kingdoms. Only when these despatches to the Nuncios had been actually sent off, was a laconic note conveyed to the ambassadors informing them of what had been done. Nor had they the means of protesting against these proceedings, because the Pope had for some time previously gone into a retirement during which he was invisible to everybody, and from which he did not issue till it was too late. The ambassadors were very displeased at this manœuvre,² but in a sense it succeeded, for it relieved the Pope from the necessity into which otherwise his weakness might have been coerced, of setting down in writing an arrangement at variance with the traditional views of the Holy See as to the character of Church property. Still the provision made in the Encyclical was resisted by the Powers, and the Pope, declaring it to be a blunder on the part of Cardinal Carafa, the author of the letter, readily allowed its application to be restricted to the Papal States.³ Even then, however, the language of the two Briefs remaining, they were distasteful to the Courts, and the result was that in France they were never published at all, though they were unofficially communicated to the Bishops; and that in the Two Sicilies their publication was forbidden by Tanucci under pain of death.⁴ On the other hand, in the Spanish and Portuguese dominions, European and colonial, the Brief of Suppression was published, but in the former country the publication of the *Gravissimis* was withheld on the ground that "it might suggest sinister interpretations."⁵ And even as regards the Brief of Suppression it must be remembered that the Jesuits of both countries having been long since expelled there were few left to whom it could be intimated, whilst the lack of promulgation *urbi et orbi* at Rome deprived of the necessary basis any merely general promulgation in other countries. In the dominions of the House of Austria

¹ Theiner, *ibid.* p. 341.

² *Ibid.* p. 345.

³ *Ibid.* p. 385.

⁴ Ravignan, *ibid.* vol. i. p. 408.

⁵ Danvila, *ibid.* p. 538.

it was also published, and here, as the Jesuits were still in their colleges, it could be intimated according to the terms of the Encyclical. Still the Empress had her way about the property.

But even then a difficulty was felt in carrying out all the provisions of the Brief of Suppression, and Cardinal Migazzi,¹ the Archbishop of Vienna, wrote to lay it before the Pope. After describing the consternation which the Brief had caused among the people, and commending the submissive spirit in which the Jesuits of those parts accepted it, he explained that if he did not preserve them as teachers in their former colleges, particularly in the grand Teresian College at Vienna, the whole educational system in those parts would break down, for it was impossible to provide at short notice an equally competent staff of teachers to take their place. Moreover it would be injurious to this College if its former superiors, to whom its striking success had hitherto been due, did not continue to govern, and most injurious to the spiritual welfare of the pupils as well as of the surrounding inhabitants, if the Jesuits engaged in teaching are not also allowed to continue preaching and hearing confessions.

It was a difficulty the like of which was felt in other regions and particularly in Silesia and White Russia. These two Catholic provinces had lately been annexed to the Crowns of Prussia and Russia respectively, their new sovereigns having at the time of annexation promised to preserve to the inhabitants their Catholic institutions; and here too the Jesuits were the only available teachers. Accordingly, both Frederick the Great of Prussia and Catharine II. of Russia forbade their Bishops to intimate the Brief to the Jesuits in their dominions. This led to an anomalous state of things to which we can only refer briefly. The Jesuits remained in their houses, justifying their action on the ground that until the Brief had been intimated to them they were not called upon to obey it—a ground which appears defensible, in view of the defect of any promulgation *urbi et orbi* at Rome. On the other hand, the Special Congregation declared these Prussian and Russian Jesuits to be "refractory" for not abandoning their houses and their corporate organization in spite of their sovereigns' prohibition. With what face the ambassadors of the Courts could take this line is hard to understand: they claimed for their sovereigns as temporal rulers a certain right to stay the enforcement of any Papal Bulls or Briefs sent into their dominions, and they were prepared to

¹ Ravignan, *ibid.* vol. ii. p. 401.

inflict the severest punishments on any of their subjects who ventured to prefer to obey the Pope's commands rather than their own. If the Kings of Spain and France had this power, Frederick of Prussia and Catharine of Russia must have it also. Whether, judged by a sounder standard, the conduct of these Prussian and Russian Jesuits, if technically defensible, was also becoming is a question which cannot be judged offhand. There are other aspects to be considered, and particularly the question whether Clement XIV., and after him Pius VI., did not privately give some encouragement to the continuance of an arrangement which officially they were forced by the Bourbon Courts to condemn. This, however, at least we may conclude, that this action of a small body of Jesuits—which in Prussia lasted till 1780, and in White Russia lasted till it obtained recognition from Pius VII.—could not compromise the other members of the suppressed Society or its deposed rulers, who had absolutely no part in recommending or sustaining it.¹

Now that we have taken note of the way in which the suppression was carried out in the different countries, we must go back to relate what befell the General and his Assistants at Rome. The General, as has been already stated, was taken to the English College on the night of August 17th. There he remained, in strict confinement, guarded by soldiers for more than a month, after which, on September 23rd, he was transported to the Castle of Sant' Angelo, whither also were taken his five Assistants—P. Gorgo, the Assistant of Italy, P. de Montes, of Spain, P. de Gusman, of Portugal, P. Rhomberg, of Germany, P. Koricki, of Poland, and P. Comolli, the Secretary General of the Society. The General was placed in a sufficiently large room, but its windows which looked on the Vatican were boarded up with planks, save just at the top. The food given him was always cold, and not a scrap of fire was allowed him even in the depth of winter, though he was an old man of seventy; nor was he allowed, during the lifetime of Clement XIV., either materials for writing, or books for reading. A sentinel was always at his door, but neither with him or with any one else was he allowed to exchange a word. The Assistants, and certain other Fathers imprisoned in the same fortress either at the same time or subsequently, were

¹ Cf. on this subject P. Zalenski's *Les Jésuites de la Russie-Blanche*, t. ii. chaps. i.—viii.

even worse treated, being cast into dark and damp cells in which the rats had free range. It has been noticed that in the Brief Clement XIV. is made to declare his intention of treating all the members of the suppressed Order, without distinction, with paternal care and affection, and it is conceivable that he was under the impression that his prisoners at Sant' Angelo were being kindly treated. But a Sovereign who allows himself to be surrounded by suspect persons and will listen to no others is bound to be deceived, and in appointing Mgr. Alfani to be their custodian, he handed them over to the tender mercies of one who was little better than a tiger.

We can readily understand why the Bourbon Courts should have wished to have the General and his counsellors arrested and imprisoned. If it were really true that the Jesuits were guilty of all the crimes with which the Courts had charged them; if they had enriched themselves by a vast commerce; if they had incessantly plotted and intrigued against Kings and Bishops; if they had stirred up insurrections and even plotted against the lives of the sovereigns—all this guilt must attach to some individual members of their body; and if, as their accusers freely confessed, the great majority of Jesuits were innocent and well-intentioned, and only dangerous because they were by their rule and training blind instruments in the hands of their Superiors, then it must follow that the Superiors who were at the head of the whole body—the General and his Assistants—were the primary culprits. The question, then, of the guilt or innocence of these few men was a test question, on the issue of which depended the solution of the further question whether the campaign against the Society, which had now terminated in its suppression, had been based on motives of justice or injustice. If the Courts themselves did not wish to accept this issue, public opinion would enforce it on them, and hence it was of vital consequence to their reputation that they should succeed in convicting the General and his Assistants of complicity in, or rather of the prime authorship of, all the crimes in their indictment.

Nor could this issue be any longer avoided on the plea that the requisite papers were kept back by the accused. Half a century previously D. Melchior de Macanaz, a Regalist lawyer, had declared that the Jesuits were the great enemies of temporal rulers, and that the way to obtain clear proofs of the fact was to visit all their houses simultaneously and take

possession of all their papers. Señor Ferrer del Rio¹ reasonably assumes that the report containing this recommendation strongly influenced Don Carlos and his Extraordinary Council in 1767. The recommendation was carried out in the Spanish houses, but, as we have seen, the Spanish State Papers bear no trace of any adequate results having been obtained. Now, however, a far better opportunity had arisen; the papers not only of one Province, but of the head-quarters of the whole Society, were in the possession of their judges. Surely if the Jesuits were intriguers and sedition-mongers after the manner supposed, abundant proofs to secure conviction must be now in hand.

We can understand then why the Superiors of the Society were arrested, and the rumour circulated that discoveries had been made which showed them to be guilty of enormous crimes. But can we pierce the veil of secrecy in which the transaction was involved, and ascertain whether the imprisonment was justified or not?

We naturally turn first to the diplomatic correspondence, and find Florida Blanca, in his despatch of August 21st, writing that, as the Pope has explained to him, "the General is to remain in custody both because it is not desirable for him to reside in Tuscany, his native country, whither he would otherwise have to be sent; and because some papers have been found which raise the presumption that he has designs for maintaining the system of the Society by a secret union of its members."² And Bernis, on August 25th, writes that "before the General is released they want to obtain from him information about several matters, particularly about the money he is supposed to have deposited somewhere, or to have sent out of the ecclesiastical state. His Assistants will be likewise interrogated;"³ and on September 22nd he writes that "a secret instruction by the General has been found, in which he orders all the Jesuits, in case the Society should be suppressed, to go on living according to their Constitutions and continue to receive novices. I have," he says, "this most extraordinary fact from the Pope himself. They have also found other documents which when they are known will reconcile all good men to the destruction of an Order which had become restless,

¹ *Reinado de Carlos III.* vol. ii. p. 515.

² *Danvila, ibid.* p. 534.

³ *Theiner, ibid.* p. 345.

ambitious, and proud, less than forty years from the time of its foundation."¹

Is this all? is surely the first question which arises in the mind when one reflects how much more was necessary to justify all that the Courts had been doing. In their credulity they had persuaded themselves that the Jesuits possessed vast wealth, but with all their searches they had found only a few paltry sums. If their credulity still endured it was natural that they should try to force the prisoners into a disclosure. But their past action, if justified, presupposed that there was also deposited in the Jesuit houses a mass of papers of a seditious, treasonable, and even regicidal character—many of which, since they were connected with recent Jesuit intrigues, should have been of recent date. Yet we hear of no compromising papers referring to the recent past—only of a few, discovered not at the Gesù, but at the Spanish Embassy, appertaining to events that happened two centuries ago.² Whatever else these diplomatists announced as having been discovered in the Jesuit papers referred to the future, not the past, and could not therefore convict them of any past ill-conduct such as had been alleged to require their suppression.

Still, if they had found papers showing that the General and his brethren intended to resist the Papal Brief and carry on their Society just as before, under the cover of a secret union of its members, though the find was wholly insufficient for what the Courts had to prove, it must convict the Jesuits of an offence grave enough to deprive them of the sympathy of loyal Catholics. Was there, then, such a find? Florida Blanca, in the passage quoted, hints cautiously at a presumption raised, but Bernis speaks boldly of a hard fact, the certainty of which the Pope himself had guaranteed. The French Cardinal's later despatches show how much he had been overstating.

It is a curious fact that although Louis XV. had joined so readily with Carlos III. in demanding the suppression, as soon as it was granted, he began to think of re-establishing the

¹ Masson, *Le Cardinal de Bernis depuis son ministère*, p. 242.

² The negotiation to which these belonged is noticed in a clause of the Brief of Suppression, so that the discovery in question must have been prior to the suppression. When we come to examine the text of the Brief we shall have to consider this point. For the present it is enough to say that in the judgment of Gregory XIV., Sixtus V.'s successor, and in the revised judgment of Philip II., the blame on that occasion attached not to the Superiors and main body of the Society, but to a little knot of innovators among its Spanish members.

Order, not indeed as a world-wide Society, but as a Congregation, having the same rules and government, within the limits of his own States. It was because the loss of the Jesuits in education was acutely felt, and his Carmelite daughter, Madame Louise, had united with the French Bishops to induce him to grant this solace to the outraged feelings of so many devout Catholics. The King was not unwilling to grant the request, but d'Aiguillon was against the idea, and tried his best to stop it. The latter was accordingly delighted with Bernis' despatch of September 22nd. He represented to the King that the ex-Jesuits should, as a preliminary condition to their reorganization as a national Congregation, be required to accept the Brief of Suppression, and renounce their former state; and he then wrote back to Bernis telling him it was of the highest importance that the latter should send him a copy of P. Ricci's alleged Instruction. This pressure of events, requiring the Cardinal to make good his rash words, put him in a tight corner. "Bernis thereupon," says Masson, "became less affirmative each time he wrote." Thus on November 3rd he writes, "I have no other means of ascertaining the real truth about the Instruction they pretend to have found among the General's papers, save by asking the Pope to communicate it to the King, and I feel sure his Holiness will not refuse this if the paper exists, as I was assured it does."¹ By December 29th, Bernis was still unable to report the finding of any such paper as he had announced. "It passed as certain," he pleaded, "that the Roman Jesuits had renewed their vows just before their suppression, and promised to be faithful to the Society. . . . If they had done this at Rome, who could say but what they had done the same in other countries."² Who could say, indeed? Rather, who could adduce any solid proof that this had happened either at Rome or elsewhere—at least in the sense in which Bernis meant it? Still he went on labouring the same point, and on January 12th wrote that "the Pope had told Alfani to give him the authentic documents which prove that before the suppression of the Jesuits their General, as he then was, had authorized them to continue following their Institute, to receive novices, and hear confessions, even if the Brief of Suppression when published should prove to interdict them that power." "It is precisely this," he adds, "which they are now doing in Silesia."³ It has been already

¹ Masson, *ibid.* p. 244.

² *Ibid.* p. 248.

³ *Ibid.* p. 252.

told how in Silesia the King of Prussia would not allow the Brief to be intimated by the Bishops to the Jesuits in his States, and how, in consequence, the latter deemed themselves justified in remaining in their houses and continuing their former mode of life. No doubt their conduct lent itself to the construction Bernis put upon it; but we have argued that even if these Silesian Jesuits, after the extinction of the General's power, chose to act disloyally, the General and his Assistants could not be held responsible. At least it must be otherwise proved that he had sanctioned what they were doing. Again, some allowance must be made for the Silesian Jesuits themselves, whose contention that till the Brief was canonically intimated to them their vows still held good, was a contention which, even if unsound, was not unintelligible. And in the last place is it not significant that we should find Bernis writing again on November 14th to say that "the Pope will . . . do nothing against the Jesuits of Silesia?" Does it not look as if there were some truth in the impression felt by many that Clement, though for fear of the Courts he was openly condemning them, was secretly encouraging them to go on?

It is unnecessary to pursue further the history of the ex-Jesuits in Prussia and White Russia, and as regards their fate in France a very few words must suffice. Any hopes they may have founded on the favourable dispositions of Louis XV., and the influence exercised over him by his Carmelite daughter, were terminated by his sad end on May 10, 1774. With the accession of Louis XVI. came also the end of d'Aiguillon's Ministry, who was succeeded by the Comte de Vergennes. Louis XVI., though his reign was destined to be unfortunate, was an upright and religious-minded man. Had he come to the throne some twenty years sooner it is not likely that the anti-Jesuit faction would have succeeded in its designs. But this new King was young and inexperienced, and besides the suppression was now a *fait accompli*, and could not well be reversed at once. The French ex-Jesuits were left free to accept service under the Bishops for the discharge of clerical functions, but the idea of forming them into a purely French Congregation lapsed for the time, to be revived when the storms of the First Revolution were spent.

We must now return to Rome and to the efforts that were being made to convict P. Ricci and his Assistants of the crime

of rebellion. According to the method of judicature then in force, the prosecution had (1) to collect evidence against the accused from their confiscated papers or other sources; (2) on the basis of this evidence to administer interrogatories to the accused and take down their answers; (3) promptly to complete the *procès* from these materials, and either cause the accused to be pronounced innocent and released, or bring them before their judges. All the proceedings in the present instance were kept absolutely secret; but, this notwithstanding, the General wrote down an account of his interrogatories, the truth of which has not been contested, and certain facts became public about the interrogatories of the others. In the next article we shall examine these sources of information, but there is one external and significant fact which can be noticed at once. According to P. Ricci, his interrogatories ended about the middle of January, 1774; he was asked no further questions after that. Accordingly he expected that he would soon be released, as interrogatories so trivial could not surely point to a grave charge. But when the days ran on without his receiving any communication, he sent in a *supplica* asking that at least he might be told what he was accused of, and brought to trial. To this he got back from the Special Congregation the brief reply, that "the matter should be attended to." That was all, and even that slender promise was not fulfilled. The months ran on, and nothing was done either to release the captives or to complete their *procès*. It is too evident that the primary object of the Special Congregation, or of Florida Blanca who overawed it, was to keep these poor victims in perpetual imprisonment, and that all else was but means to this end. If they could have convicted them of grave crimes that would have suited them best, as they could then have made the trial public and ruined the reputation of the Jesuits for ever. As, however, they could find no proofs to sustain such a charge, the next best thing was to keep the *procès* indefinitely pending. If in that case nothing were published, the people would still suppose that it had been completed, and had gone against the accused—for they would never suppose that innocent men could be detained in prison for so long. Thus in either case the imprisonment would be prolonged indefinitely, the credit of the Society destroyed, and the action of their persecutors proportionately deemed to be just.

What caused this scheme eventually to break down was the

death of Clement XIV. on September 23rd, 1774. The mental troubles of his Pontificate had undermined his originally good constitution, and the result had been particularly noticeable in the months subsequent to the suppression. About the end of February of the ensuing year, 1774, his health underwent a considerable deterioration, and from that time onwards it was continuously failing. On September 10th he broke down while driving out into the country and was brought back to his palace. A fever had set in and he sank quickly, dying on the 23rd of the same month.¹ When they knew that the end was approaching, the anti-Jesuit Cardinals were anxious that he should first proclaim the names of certain prelates of their party whom he was known to have reserved *in petto*. The accession to their strength in the Conclave would have been important for their interests. Clement, however, refused.

Enough has been said in criticism of his character and his conduct. There is much, no doubt, in both which, with the best of wills to judge him favourably, one cannot but condemn—his refusal to hear both sides, or to take the counsels of his Cardinals; his want of straightforwardness in declaring his motives and intentions; his policy of reconciling public opinion to the coming suppression by first undermining the credit of the doomed Religious. A stronger and more clear-sighted Pope, even if he had decided on the suppression, would have prepared for it and enacted it in a juster and more dignified way. Yet, Clement was at heart a good and well-meaning man, and, if weak and incompetent, he still struggled bravely according to his lights to bring the Church safely through a dangerous crisis.

With St. Alfonso then let our chief feeling for him be one of compassion: "Poor Pope," said the Saint, a few days after receiving the Brief, and on hearing the Pope severely blamed for it, "Poor Pope! what could he do, in the circumstances in which he was placed, with all the sovereigns conspiring to demand this suppression. As for us we must keep silence, respect the secret judgments of God, and hold ourselves in peace."

S. F. S.

¹ Of course their adversaries suggested that the Jesuits had poisoned him, but Dr. Saliceto's report proved that his death was due to natural causes.

The Question of Queen Elizabeth's Successor.

ALL through Queen Elizabeth's long reign Western Europe was being weakened and distracted by wars of religion. There were moments when it seemed as though the Catholic Powers, under the hegemony of Spain, might have regained all that they had lost to Protestantism, and there were other moments when the Protestants seemed likely to overrun the whole of Europe. In time, however, it became clear that neither party was strong enough to exterminate its opponent, and after the solemn reconciliation of Henri IV. to the Church (1594) it became evident that the Catholics would in the end acquire a certain amount of superiority.

Thenceforward a new interest was taken in the Catholic claimants to Elizabeth's throne. Her mania for leaving the succession uncertain was sure, men thought, to lead to confusion and possible uprisings after her death. And then, if the Catholic Powers dominant on the Continent could combine, they might intervene, and set up a sovereign of their own faith.

Not a few among the English exiles for religion entertained the hope that something of this sort might happen, and so too did many of their foreign hosts. Others took up the very opposite position, and decried as treason every plan that was made for the amelioration of the lot of Catholics during the crisis. It will be our object to inquire how these conflicting ideas came to rise and to have their vogue, and also to trace the abortive negotiations, which from time to time they occasioned.

The doubts about Elizabeth's successor were the inevitable consequences of the doubtful legitimacy of her birth. To marry her mother King Henry VIII. broke with all that England revered and held most dear. He wrenched England from the unity of the Church, and violated what were then fundamental laws of our Constitution. As soon as Elizabeth was born, all were made to swear allegiance to her as the fruit and

crown of the late revolution. But when she was three, the royal tyrant's whim changed. At his bidding Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced her a bastard, and Parliament confirmed the sentence, declaring her "utterly forclosed, excluded, and barred to clayme, challenge or demaunde any enheritance as lawfull heir or heiress by lyniall discente." Nevertheless, when Henry died, it was found that she had her place next after Mary in the succession to the throne.¹

This right she acquired by virtue of that unconstitutional document known as the will of King Henry VIII., which a servile Parliament had given him leave to draw up. The parties whom this will chiefly prejudiced were Mary Stuart and her heirs. She was not only not given that place to which her birth entitled her, but her claims to the succession were passed over altogether, and the rights of distant cousins were recognized instead.

When Edward VI. died it was found that he, too, had arbitrarily altered the succession by a will which placed the Lady Jane Grey before both his sisters. Mary Tudor's energy, however, frustrated this fresh attempt against the Constitution, and when she died, Elizabeth succeeded without a single voice being lifted in favour of the Stuart princess.

Under the circumstances this was inevitable. If the English Catholics had been organized beforehand, and familiarized with Mary Stuart's claims, they might conceivably have favoured a Sovereign who had never changed her creed, to Elizabeth, whose faith was doubtful, though she was not as yet a declared Protestant. But the situation of affairs altogether precluded any such thing. Mary had married the Dauphin, and was prospective Queen of France. The chronic rivalry between that country and England had been aggravated by a war, which was not yet formally concluded, and the Catholics had constituted the war party. Their Spanish allies would have done anything rather than admit the French, who on their side were too exhausted to make any attempt, which would have endangered the conclusion of peace. Mary Stuart's name was therefore not even mentioned at this juncture.

But when, after Elizabeth's accession, Parliament brought in a Bill,² which confirmed Henry's will, and thereby virtually affirmed anew the exclusion of Mary and her heirs, then she

¹ *Statutes of the Realm* (1817), iii. pp. 473, 655, 955.

² *Statutes of the Realm* (1819), iv. 359. 1 Elizabeth, c 3, ii.

and her husband made a quiet but perfectly intelligible protest, by assuming the arms of England. France was indeed so weak that they had to abandon their claim as soon as England objected. But the effect required had been produced. Mary Stuart's rights were never afterwards forgotten, and they began to be popularly acknowledged as soon as the link which bound her to France was broken by the death of her husband, Francis II., in December, 1560.

As it is our object to attend chiefly to the part played by the English Catholics in the negotiations for the Succession, we must pass very briefly over the very interesting chapter which might be written on the varying fortunes of Queen Mary Stuart's claims. In brief, however, we may say that this story falls into three periods. First that which preceded the birth of Prince James (1566), during which time Mary's prospects gradually improved. Then her sudden fall in 1567, both from power and popularity, which was followed by a rapid revulsion of feeling in her favour after the conferences of York and Westminster in 1568. Then came the gradual decay of all hopes until her judicial murder in 1587. If Elizabeth had died at the time when Mary's star was in the ascendant, we may conjecture that she would eventually have ascended the English throne. If, on the contrary, that throne had become vacant during the period of her misfortunes, then Cecil would probably have managed to seat one of the English Protestant claimants upon it.¹

Be this as it may, the whole aspect of the question was altered after Mary's death. Both Catholics and Protestants held that religious qualifications were more important than the mere right of primogeniture. Mary's son being a Protestant (so far as could be seen), the Protestants, after a few years at least, regarded him as heir apparent, while the Catholics (so far as they believed him Protestant) were at first inclined to postpone him to the more distant claimants of their own faith, of whom there was no lack. At the moment of Mary's death, however, there was no utility in coming to any such decision. Spain and England were girding themselves to fight, and no one but the victor in that contest could have the decisive voice in approving or appointing the next heir.

¹ See genealogical table. All the claimants who lived in England had conformed to Elizabeth's State Church. But the Stuarts and Stanleys were believed to be Catholic at heart.

It was to provide for this contingency that Philip instructed Olivares, his Ambassador at Rome (February 11th, 1587), to move the Pope to name him as future King of England. But Olivares found the Pope unwilling to take this step, and dissuaded his master from urging the petition, and Dr. Allen wrote to Philip in the same sense. Olivares afterwards suggested that Philip should settle his claims on his daughter, the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, an idea which led to further negotiations in later years. The immediate result of the correspondence was that Philip told Mendoza, his over-zealous Ambassador at Paris, to keep silence on the subject of the succession, and Olivares was ordered to content himself with obtaining from the Pope a public declaration of the justice of the war with England.¹

Thus all was left to the issue of the Armada, and when its fate was known all else was forgotten in regret for the great calamity which had befallen the champion of the old faith.

But it was not long before the course of events both in England and abroad brought the matter into greater prominence than ever. The accession of the Protestant Henry of Navarre to the French throne (1 August, 1589) was contested on the same grounds, on which the Spanish party among the English exiles were averse to the claims of the heretical James Stuart. The pretensions of both sides were debated in popular publications. One of the most extreme advocates of Henry's exclusion was an Englishman, Dr. William Reynolds. Du Bellay, a strong defender of legitimism, is said by Persons to have greatly encouraged the English supporters of King James.² In England itself, Elizabeth's strict censorship over the press prevented any public discussion of the question,³ but could not consign it to oblivion.

On the accession of the new King, Philip had claimed the

¹ The correspondence is printed partly in the *Spanish Calendar*, pp. 16, 58, 83, 107, 116; partly in T. F. Knox, *Letters of Cardinal Allen*, pp. 255, 273.

² Reynolds' book, *De autoritate Reipublica Christiana in Reges Hereticos*, auctore Gulielmo Rossaeo, dated November 15, 1589, is said to have been edited by Dr. William Gifford. Persons speaks of Bellay's work as, "Las apologias de un cierto Bellay, Frances, el qual ha escrito en nuestros dias." Stonyhurst MSS., *Anglia*, ii. 26. But I cannot identify this publication with any of those enumerated in the *Catalogue de la Bib. Nationale, Histoire de France*, i. pp. 353-392.

³ The only English authorities referred to by the writer of Doleman's *Conference* (1593), are John Hales, Sir Antony Brown, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Morgan Phillips, and John Leslie, Bishop of Ross. He had seen the MS. collections of Sir Richard Shelley, Francis Peto, and Robert Heighinton. *Conference*, pp. 1-8. The titles of the published works may be found in the *Dict. of National Biography*.

Dukedom of Brittany for his daughter, the only surviving grandchild of Henri II., and he succeeded in obtaining two harbours in that country. Thus menaced, Queen Elizabeth retaliated, by aiding Henry of Bourbon, by persecuting afresh the English Catholics, and by publishing a proclamation entitled, *A declaration of the great troubles intended against the realm*.¹ This was answered by the Catholic controversialists, Stapleton, Persons, Creswell, and Richard Verstegan, and they all animadverted, more or less stringently, on the unconstitutional proceedings of Elizabeth in the matter of the succession.²

This year, 1591, is probably also the time when English Catholics first endeavoured to secure a successor of their own faith. Sir William Stanley, the most influential Englishman who joined the Spanish party among the exiles for religion, as also Father Persons,³ were said to be provoking the discussion of the claims of Sir William's nephew, Fernando Stanley, Lord Strange. He was believed to be a Catholic. So far as primogeniture went, he did not stand further than fourth or fifth from the throne, and the titles of those before him in blood, were liable to exception from other causes. In 1593, however, Fernando succeeded his father as Earl of Derby, and proved that he would not be a pretender, by arresting and handing over to Elizabeth's Government Mr. Richard Hesketh, a Catholic fugitive, who was alleged to have made advances about his right to the crown. Hesketh (who, however, denied the charge) was executed on the 29th of November, 1593.

While such events would in any case have drawn a good deal of attention to the succession problem, Elizabeth's tyrannical efforts to prevent any sort of discussion of the subject succeeded in making it appear that open speech on the subject had become a sacred and patriotic duty.

¹ Strype, *Annals*, vol. iv. p. 78; *Domestic Calendar*, 1591, p. 112.

² Only one MS. copy of Verstegan's tract appears to be known. Record Office, *Dom. Eliz.* vol. 220, 17; *Calendar*, p. 220. It is entitled *A declaration of the true causes of the great troubles intended against the realm*. The Calendarer erroneously confuses it with Persons' *Philopater*, but the writer's name may be supplied from Father Henry Walpole's confessions. *Calendar*, pp. 520, 534. It was against this tract that Bacon wrote his *Certain observations upon a libel entitled, A declaration of the true causes*, &c. Bacon's works, Edit. Spedding (1862), viii. 146. Spedding had "not been able to meet a copy of" the *Declaration*, which he also took to be by Persons.

³ Two deserters from the Catholic side, John Cecil, Dingley or Younger, affirm this of Persons, but Dingley is perhaps not independent of Cecil. *Domestic Calendar*, 39, 40, 256, 259, 261, 270, &c. But we know nothing certain about the circumstances.

In 1591, the out-spoken Puritan, Peter Wentworth, got into considerable trouble by his *Book of the heir apparent to the Throne*,¹ and in the Parliament of 1593 he addressed the House upon the same question. For this Elizabeth promptly threw him into the Tower, where he remained till his death in 1596. It was this insufferable despotism which was the occasion, and the apparent justification of the anonymous work, *A Conference about the next succession to the Throne*, published by R. Doleman.

The appearance of this volume, which was commonly known as *The Book of Titles*, is an event of considerable importance in the history of our subject, and it will be worth while to dwell a little upon the evidence relating to its origin, as to which many mistakes have been made.

The commencement of the book is mentioned in one of the examinations of Father Henry Walpole.

I have heard of . . . an English pamphlet by Verstegan. This I have heard, but I know Persons to have written a relation of the Seminaries and residencies erected in Spain, and therein to promise a discourse of the divers that pretend title to this realm, and the opinion of men therein. The first was in finishing at my departure from Spain, —and I believe be printed by this,—and the second in hand.²

From this we see that the book had been planned before the autumn of 1593, and this is proved quite decisively by internal evidence, for while, as we have seen, Fernando, fifth Earl of Derby, had defined his position with regard to the succession so decidedly by the execution of Hesketh, 29th November, 1593, the author of the *Conference*, to whom this was a matter of supreme importance, does not seem to have been aware of it, nor even (when the genealogical table was engraved) of the death of the fourth Earl (September 25, 1593). Fernando himself died (16th April, 1594) before the book was issued from the press, but of this, too, no notice is taken. Doleman's "letter

¹ This is the title mentioned in *Domestic Calendar*, 1591—1594, p. 107. The book was perhaps identical with the *Pithie exhortation to her Majestie for establishing her successors to the Crowne*, which was printed, without licence, in 1598 after the author's death, together with his answer to Doleman's *Conference*. Before his imprisonment Wentworth had advocated the succession of Edward Seymour, Lord Beauchamp. So far as Henry's will and the Acts of Parliament confirming it were concerned, Seymour would have been the next heir, had not Elizabeth's courts held him to be of illegitimate birth. When in prison Wentworth espoused the cause of King James.

² Record Office, *Dom. Eliz.* 249, 14, § 11. Persons' book on the Seminaries, &c., "believed to be printed" in 1593 or 1594, is not known to bibliographers. Walpole left Spain in September, 1593.

to the Reader" is dated December, 1593, which we may take to be exactly correct.

On the 30th of March, 1594, an important letter was written by the General of the Society of Jesus to Father Persons.

Aquaviva to Persons, Rome, March 30, 1594.

I am told here that a certain person, who is in that province, is writing a book on the Succession of 45 [England]. In this work no small inconveniences may be discerned, and I therefore desire you in any case raise such obstacles that it may by all means be stopped. Besides I do not think that the inhabitants of 45 will like it, I mean not all of them, though perhaps it may please a few. However this may be, seeing that the matter is uncertain, depending on Histories which cannot be fully verified, and that it touches and may offend great persons and Princes, I hold it unfit to be published by one of ours, for however one may endeavour to conceal the author, you may be sure that he will be known, and if such a thing were known many good works which are now in progress, might be impeded. I charge you therefore to take care to stop the writing of this book, and this I consider very necessary.

P.S. If you should find that, owing to the business being far advanced, your diligence would only cause offence, without bringing about the good result which is desired,—then do not make the attempt. But if it can be done without giving such offence, then do so. In this I rely upon your prudence.

Unfortunately this letter was over two months on its way. Upon its receipt Persons immediately answered.

Persons to Aquaviva, from Madrid, 4th June, 1594.

Yours of the 30th of March did not reach my hands till to-day, the 4th of June. In it you bid me stop a book, which you hear has been written in this province upon the Succession of 45 [England]. Even before your Reverence wrote this, orders had been given to the agent in 47 [Belgium] that the 144 [English] version should be kept secret until further orders, and especially until 106 [Allen] had seen all, and given his opinion. Nevertheless, to comply the better with your orders, opinion and pleasure, the same message has been immediately sent again.

As for the other version in 142 [Spanish] which is in the possession of 103 [D. Idiaquez] . . . although it is not in my power to suppress it, yet I can assure you that they will use that secrecy and reserve which is fit, and will only communicate it to 80 [the Pope] and 150 [the Ambassador of Spain], as they have promised me. If I had thought, or could (according to my lights) have foreseen that your Reverence would be so cautious, I would have bestirred myself to stay the business sooner, though it does not depend entirely upon me, but

on three or four others (at least) who have taken part in the matter, or given advice, and they are the most powerful and experienced of those here who have the opportunity of knowing and judging matters of our nation. They were of opinion that the tract would not do harm, but rather much good to the Catholics, and that it was one of the most important measures yet taken for the cause, one that was indispensable. Perhaps your Reverence will be of the same opinion when you will have read the Spanish version, which I will send by the galleys. . . . Your Reverence could not get a better verdict on such matters, than that of 104 [Sir Francis Englefield], and that of 50 [the Irishman] who knows much about these point.

[Then follows an analysis of the volume]. It was written because the heretics had made it illegal to speak on the matter. . . . As for 82, 51 [King of Scotland] nothing is said against him, except that he is a heretic . . . with indifference, and not prejudging anything . . . I think it is for the service of God, the good of England, and gives no just offence. Still, if your Reverence judges differently, I will do all that is in me to suppress the book.¹

Before this letter could have reached the Father General all the bad consequences, which his Paternity foresaw, had taken place. The book had fallen into hostile hands, the mystery in which the authorship had been involved was solved, and the worst possible interpretation put upon the publication. The book had been denounced at Rome, and Persons was accused of being the sole author, an accusation from which he was never afterwards able to purge himself.

The secret had been discovered through Mr. Charles Paget, who was now the leader of those exiles in Flanders, who were especially discontented with Spain. By their means the boy who served Verstegan's press was bribed to steal the manuscript of the book before it could be returned to the author, and the handwriting was recognized by Dr. Gifford as being that of Verstegan, with long corrections and additions by Father Persons. Gifford had great influence with the Papal Nuncio in Flanders, Malvasia, and persuaded him that the book was a most objectionable one. So Malvasia wrote against the book to Rome, while Paget denounced it to the English Government, both proclaiming it an intolerable piece of Jesuitical intrigue and Spanish statecraft.² Persons, fettered by the necessity of

¹ Archives S.J. The words in square brackets are decipherers inserted upon the original.

² We have two of Gifford's letters on this subject, one dated June 13 [1594], to an Italian prelate, one to Thomas Fitzherbert, June 15th (Vatican, *Borghese*, 448, *ab*,

maintaining the incognito, could never provide a satisfactory answer to their attacks.

Before proceeding it may not be amiss to advert to the bearing of the documents, now first published, upon the old controversy as to who was the real author of Doleman's *Conference*.¹ They certainly make it impossible to deny that Father Persons was responsible for the publication. Though he did not hold the pen, any professed explanation of his connection with the work which stops short with that negative assertion, must be considered inadequate and misleading.² The book embodied the opinions of a certain political party, of which (at that period) Persons was the chief representative,³ and in this sense the book, whoever penned it, should be ascribed to him rather than to any one else. At the same time we can now see how Persons might still refuse to acknowledge that he had precisely "written" the book, even though parts of it were extant in his own handwriting, for the writer was Verstegan, and Persons' share in the actual composition was confined to corrections and additions.⁴ For the rest, Verstegan

339, and Record Office, *Dom. Eliz.* 252, 66, i.). Both are faulty decipherers, that at the Record Office is very unreliable. But when read together they leave no doubt as to the above transaction. Paget's charges will be found, *Domestic Calendar*, June, 1598, p. 68. Malvasia's report to Rome, dated 27 June, 1595, is in Vatican, *Fiandra*, vol. 8.

¹ Canon Tierney (*Tierney-Dodd*, iii. 33) maintained that he had "satisfactorily decided," that "the work was written exclusively by Persons," and was not "the production of several pens." The five passages Tierney quotes do indeed allude to the authorship in general terms which are not inconsistent with Persons being the author, and this, under the circumstances, was exactly what one might have expected. But "exclusive" authorship, as contrasted with "the production of several pens" is never mentioned in the documents, either expressly or by implication. Tierney's conclusion, therefore, goes further than his premisses, and in the face of the further evidence, here cited, becomes untenable.

² Father John Fisher, S.J. (*vere Percy*), said, "That Persons wrote the Booke called Doleman you cannot prove, and he with oath denied it, naming another secular gentleman as Author." *Answer to nine points of Controversy*, 1626, ii. 7. This may be very smart controversy, but it is not a history of Persons' connection with the *Conference*.

³ Two years later, when Sir Francis Englefield was near his end, 2nd September, 1596, he sent to the Pope a letter in which he says of Persons, "fere solus nobis relictus est, qui plenam habet rerum Anglicanarum notitiam." Vatican, *Borghese*, ii. 448, *ab*, 294.

⁴ Early in 1594, a priest named Barwis is said to have seen in Verstegan's hands a book, cast in the form of a dialogue, and treating of the Pretenders to the English Crown—which was to have been ready by Easter. These particulars agree well enough with the *Book of Titles*, though other details given in the same source (*Hatfield Calendar*, iv. 498) do not. The title, for instance, was to be *News from Spain and Holland*. This title is just in Verstegan's style (see his bibliography in Gillow, &c.), and we may fairly conjecture that Barwis saw the book before Persons' corrections were put in it.

was quite capable of having written the volume. He had, as we have seen, already written a political tract of the same colour, while his *Restitution of decayed Intelligence* proves him to have had the capacity requisite for the excellent chapters on literary and antiquarian topics.

How good those chapters are, how moderate and readable the whole volume—no one would guess who only knows the *Book of Titles* from the outcries raised against it. Its impartiality was strikingly attested by the Puritans in 1647 and 1655, who were able to make up from its pages and to publish (without acknowledging the author), a book against the Divine Right of Kings. The erudition of chapter v. *Of the Coronation of Princes*, is of a high class, though the subject is only introduced as a side issue; the fulness and accuracy of the genealogies is also worthy of praise.

But these good qualities are far indeed from justifying the publication. It was a book written with a purpose—to influence the succession to the crown. That purpose it could not accomplish, and the attempt to do so was calculated to irritate the persecuting Government, which was ever on the watch to find fresh excuses for cruelty. Had Persons realized the weakness of his party and the inability of Spain to give aid, he would have acted very differently. But exiles, whether political or religious, are proverbially liable to believe too much in their friends, and to underrate the stability of the party which has ousted them from their country. "Ce sont bannis, qui prometent plus qu'ils ne peuvent," was the judgment passed by the French King on Persons and his friends. The phrase is not complimentary, but its truth is undeniable.

It does not appear that any special measures were taken in England against the *Conference*.¹ On the contrary, it was evident from the first that the publication would of itself damage those who had brought it out. Father William

¹ But even as I write the catalogue of an antiquarian book-seller arrives, claiming even for his high-priced later edition, the distinction of having been forbidden by Parliament. The legend of a prohibition is not traced further back than Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, and is evidently incorrect. (Wood's *Athene*, ii. 64; W. H. Hart, *Index Expurgatorius Anglicanus*, p. 21.) The vigilance of Elizabeth's officials was probably sufficient to prevent the importation of the work, except occasionally or by stealth, and this would account for the phrase in the *Pithie Exhortation* (1598), that the book was "justly prohibited." Father Persons himself, in a letter to be quoted immediately, affirms that "after the publication of this book the Catholics were treated much more gently."

Crichton, S.J., well known as "a forward man for his King," did not in the least share Father Persons' illusions about James' possible exclusion, and wrote frankly, "That the book has done any good, I really cannot see, its ill effects I plainly perceive. The French have a proverb—'One cannot catch a hare with a drum.' [On your drum] the ministers are constantly beating in the pulpits both of England and Scotland." Persons answered lamely that the good results "would become visible in time," and then he goes on to explain the reason of his action in a way that fully excuses his intentions; but does not prove his prudence. "The iniquity of the times, and the extreme calamity of our country prevent us from doing anything for its salvation (which depends on the restoration of the Catholic religion), unless we also bethink ourselves of a Catholic successor."¹ Happily the great work of Father Persons' life, the establishment and consolidation of Seminaries for the secular clergy, and the organization of Jesuit missionaries was commenced and carried on without being influenced by political illusions. He could not have done it better had he never once "bethought himself of a Catholic successor."

Before the correspondence of Persons and Crichton just quoted, there seems to have been little said, certainly nothing done regarding the English succession, except that King James of Scotland became more active in his endeavours to preoccupy both Catholics and Protestants in his favour by missions such as that of John Ogilvy, of Pury, to Rome and Spain.² But in June, 1596, an English fleet attacked and burnt the harbour of Cadiz, with all its treasure and shipping, and the result of this bold enterprise upon Spain was much like that of Majuba Hill upon our own soldiers. It enkindled a deep desire for revenge, which the incessant depredations of the English corsairs did not allow to die out; it kept the war alive till the end of Elizabeth's reign. Philip resolved once more that he would attempt an invasion, and this gave Persons an opportunity of eliciting from him the declaration, that he did not aim at the conquest of England, in order to add that realm to the dominions of the Spanish crown, and that, if he was successful, he would respect the national independence. The exact terms of this promise do not seem to be known, but the

¹ T. F. Knox, *Letters of Cardinal Allen*, pp. 384—386. May to November, 1596.

² See T. G. Law, *Scots Catholic Documents*, Scottish Hist. Soc. 1893.

fact is duly mentioned in a despatch of the Nuncio at Madrid, dated November 6, 1596,¹ and the *Spanish Calendar*² furnishes a number of kindred documents, including a petition that the claim of the Infanta may be publicly proclaimed. Father Persons also wrote a very full account of what seemed to him the ideal way of restoring the Catholic Church in England, which he entitled, *A Memorial for the Reformation of England*.

This essay contains a number of suggestions for the social and political reform in England, which are very remarkable considering the date at which they were made. Persons proposed the introduction of voting by ballot, of legislation against cruelty to children, the reform of the Universities, of secondary education, and of land tenure, the defence of poor prisoners, and many other humane and beneficent measures, which were not carried till generations later. All this is honourable to its author, and his credit should not be forfeit because of his adherence to certain retrograde measures (such as the partial revocation of Church lands, and the foundation of a mild Inquisition), which at that period were generally believed to be judicious. The chief fault of the work is the improbability of its first postulate. He begins by supposing a Catholic King upon the throne with vast power at his back, without concerning himself about the quasi-impossibility of that supposition being verified.³

Having settled as well as he could his position towards the Spanish monarch, Persons set out for Rome to lay his plans before the Pope, and to heal the discords that were rife amongst the English exiles outside of Spain. On his way he wrote from Genoa to Father Holt, the Superior of the English Jesuits in Flanders, giving him an account of the objects for which his journey had been undertaken, and asking whether the Catholics there would support him in his endeavours to procure a Catholic successor to Queen Elizabeth, adding that for his own part he believes the candidature of the Infanta will be for England "the most useful, probable, and practicable. If others think

¹ Record Office, *Roman Transcripts*, Bliss, bundle 111.

² *Spanish Calendar*, pp. 635, 636.

³ With Persons' model counter-reformation, should be compared the schemes of what might have been done after the Armada of 1588 (Proclamation in Tierney-Dodd, iii. xlvii.), after the expedition of 1598 (*Domestic Calendar*, 1599, p. 184), at the death of Elizabeth (Record Office, *Domestic Eliz.* 286, 60). The *Memorial* was not printed during Persons' life.

differently, let them speak out their minds and he [Persons] will do his best to co-operate."¹

The significance of this query lies, I think, in this, that whereas the English exiles in Spain favoured the claim of the Infanta, many of those in Flanders preferred the pretensions of the house of Farnese. So far as descent by blood went their title was really better,² and considering the position and princely qualities of the great Duke Alessandro, late Regent of Flanders, who had but lately died, it was no wonder that Mr. Hugh Owen, Father Holt, Dr. Percy, and others, should have been his supporters. The Farneses were also related to the reigning Pope. It was therefore probable that Papal influence would be used in their favour.

When Persons reached Rome, early in April, 1597, he found that he had to face a very strong opposition. Both Jesuits and Spaniards were unpopular at the Vatican, and the French were ready to support all his adversaries, for their rivalry with Spain was so intense, that they spared no effort to depress every adherent of Philip. Persons, however, as we have already had occasion to explain, acted with so much ability and moderation, that he acquired influence in the councils of the Pope's Curia. At the end of May we find the Cardinal Secretary writing to the Legate at Paris about the English succession in a sense, which, I think, reflects Persons' influence.

After recalling the obvious truth that a union between England and Scotland could not help France, he went on to say that if England were divided and weak after Elizabeth's death, the Succession would be "most uncertain;" and that "when arms should be taken up, the person who was destined to be King of England, and who will not be other than he who governs Flanders," would presumably be victorious, "as Spain was powerful at sea."³

The vagueness of these phrases should be noted, as indications of the uncertainty with which Papal diplomatists approached the subject, though well aware of its importance. Vagueness and hesitation are indeed the characteristics of

¹ "La piu profitabile, probabile, et factibile." The original text is not forthcoming, but there are Italian translations in the Stonyhurst and Westminster Archives. The letter was intercepted and gave rise to much controversy. Tierney-Dodd, vol. iii. p. lvii.

² See genealogical tree above.

³ Despatch of 31st May, 1579. Record Office, Bliss, *Transcripts*, bundle III. The sense is not always clear, a fault which is perhaps due to bad deciphering.

all these negotiations about the succession. We never find mention of definite instructions or of diplomatic arguments. There were no treaties signed regarding it, or subsidies paid, or envoys sent. Yet it was a matter which affected the balance of power throughout Europe. As the Abbé Couzard happily expresses it, "la succession d'Angleterre devenait de plus en plus la grande, la passionante affaire du moment."¹ It excited the hopes and fears of all. We must pursue the course of events, therefore, not expecting to find many that are startling, but because, as we go along, we shall discover what the mind of Europe was upon one of the greatest events in our history.

In the Vatican there are many letters of Father Persons, belonging to this period, which throw light upon his dealings with the minor Papal officials. The fullest and most important are those addressed to Mgr. Pegna, a Spaniard, but an intimate friend of the Pope. The letters to the Cardinal Secretary Aldobrandino are a very incomplete series, and therefore hard to follow,² and upon the whole we learn little from any of them about that which is of primary importance, to wit, the policy of the Catholic Powers, of Spain, and of the Holy See. Nor is this wonderful, for once more every one was waiting to see whether King Philip's invasion of England would succeed or fail. After prolonged exertions the fleet was collected and sailed (October 10, 1597), but in so ill-organized a condition, that it was utterly demoralized by a storm, and was back in ten days, having lost more than half its ships.

This inglorious failure did much to weaken the reputation of Spain. It showed that the loss of the Armada was not a mere mischance. Father Persons writing in 1603 refers to this year as the time when he first began to realize that the Spaniards, "albeit they may be good men and have a good desire to help us, yet were their forces not answerable to their desires or ours."³

Philip now became more earnest in his desire for peace with France, and it was eventually signed at Vervins on the 2nd of

¹ R. Couzard, *Une Ambassade à Rome sous Henri IV.* Paris, 1900, p. 96.

² Persons' letters to Cardinal Aldobrandino will be found in Mr. Bliss' *Roman Transcripts*, those to Mgr. Pegna in Vatican Library, 6227, and Archives, *Varia*, 264, ff. 187 to 215.

³ Persons to Father Rivers, 6th July, 1603. *Stonyhurst MSS. Collectanea P.* fol. 444. Another writer (possibly Thomas Winter) writes of "the natural tardiviteye of the Spanishe provisions, never complete, but always defective either in men, shipping, victualls, maryners or money; so as all these hardly concur together in any employte intended." Record Office, *Domestic Elizabeth*, vol. 286, n. 60.

May, 1598. The Pope had foreseen that this peace would probably result in France becoming "arbiter of Europe," and the event ere long proved the correctness of the forecast. Even in the affair of the English succession the decisive influence was to be that of the French King, and it is noteworthy that Father Persons' chief, if not his only political efforts made in this year 1598, were attempts to secure the assistance of France for the support of the English Catholics.¹

But though Henri IV. was now a sincere Catholic, he was far indeed from attempting to rival the King of Spain as champion of Catholic interests. He took up exactly the contrary position. M. Laffleur de Kermaingant, the most thorough student of this part of Henri's diplomacy, says: "L'œuvre à laquelle il n'a cessé de penser, à laquelle s'est employé toute sa diplomatie, était le groupement de toutes les forces protestantes de l'Europe, sous la direction de la France, contre la maison d'Autriche."² Far, therefore, from making any chivalrous sacrifices on behalf of his English co-religionists, his one object was to keep on good terms with their enemies. He let it be known that he was ready to make war upon Spain if she attempted to interfere on behalf of a Catholic successor in England, and used every effort to undermine Spanish influence in the Courts of Europe. A Franco-Scottish party was soon formed among the English exiles, with Mr. Henry Constable as its most active member. Though Persons, the Pope, and the Spaniards did not yet see it, the succession of King James was now secure. The history of the next four years will form a chronicle of their gradually awakening to the inevitable certainty of this change.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ See Persons' letters of May 31st and August 7th, in Bliss' Transcripts.

² Laffleur de Kermaingant, *Mission de Harlay, C. de Beaumont* (1895), i. 82.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The New Mystery.

IT need hardly be said that the name of the New Mystery is "Radium,"—the recently recognized element which is at the present moment so sorely exercising the scientific mind. Its discovery is undoubtedly a marvellous triumph for science, and a striking testimony to the potency of the methods with which she has provided herself. It is assuredly no small feat to have detected the existence of a substance which is hidden away in the crust of the earth, no less effectually than a lump of sugar dissolved in the Thames at London Bridge, and to have extracted it from its concealment that its properties may be examined. The magnitude of such an achievement is in proportion to the insignificant dimensions of the prize that has rewarded it. If in this instance a mountain could be made to produce anything on the scale of a mouse, the hunter of Radium would be a happy man, but as it is, he is fortunate if from a ton of pitchblende, the one ore as yet known to contain it, he can extract so exiguous a mass as a millegamme.

If however our men of science have scored a signal success in unearthing and capturing so elusive a prey, the latter may claim to have its revenge in the sensation which it has produced, and the perturbation and perplexities, grotesquely disproportionate to its stature, which it has caused to its captors. That a substance of which not so much as a single ounce is as yet producible in the whole world, should at once not only have set the scientific world agog, but have set its leading representatives by the ears, is a feat to be proud of. Nor is it that its discovery seems to portend any such practical revolution—industrial or economic—as might that of minerals like coal and iron. That it should ever become in the slightest degree "useful," appears to be, to say the least, extremely improbable, for if a whole ounce of it *could* be obtained, its cost—as is estimated—would reach the

modest figure of some fifteen thousand pounds. It is by no suggestion of gross material services that Radium has forced itself upon the attention of mankind. Its triumphs are akin to those of mind over matter, which is, indeed, quite in accordance with all our knowledge of little atomies.

The most obvious lesson of this new find should undoubtedly be to impress upon us all the futility of supposing that our most widely-accepted and seemingly most solidly-established theories, are more than hypotheses, by their very nature provisional, which fresh discoveries in the region of fact, instead of corroborating may completely upset. It is in this direction that Radium makes its mark. When it came upon the scene it was discovered, with something like consternation, that the new element not only behaved in a manner which no laws hitherto accepted would lead us to expect, but that it even appeared flatly to contradict laws which lie at the very root of our physical philosophy. We need not dwell upon the astonishing differences which recent discussions between eminent men of science have exhibited, as to the import and effect of laws—in the abstruse domain of molecular mechanics—which all equally profess to accept and to consider fundamental, but which are declared, with equal confidence, to countenance conclusions utterly at variance. It will be enough at present to indicate the features of the new element which especially deserve to be styled "mysterious."

In the first place it is found that virtue of a very remarkable kind is always going out of Radium. It makes bodies luminous with which it has not come into physical contact. Held near a man's temples, it makes him "see sparks." Kept near a man's skin for an hour or two it produces blisters and sores, and it even kills very small organisms, such as microbes. Such effects it produces through glass.

Here two distinct questions arise, both beyond our wit as yet to answer. Firstly, how is all this done? Is it that Radium constantly discharges in every direction infinitely minute fragments, chemical, or material portions, of its almost infinitely minute self? If so, how do they get through the glass? Science as yet is hardly prepared to believe such a performance possible. Or is it "electrions" that it hurls about? Such an explanation would do little more than explain one mystery by another. And, whichever it be, if it has been thus giving itself away through the interminable ages of which geologists tell us, how is there any Radium left? Had the water evaporating from our

oceans during this same period, not come back to them from the clouds, their beds would by this time be as dry as the Sahara. And if it is not by any such discharge of particles, chemical or electrical, that the work is done,—then how? Nothing as yet known to science suggests an answer.

But secondly, which is far more fundamental, whence does Radium draw its potency to do all this? No other body of which science has any knowledge, can do more than give out again energy which it has first received. A gas-jet can give out light and heat because in the coal from which the gas is extracted, the plant, which the coal once was, could store up the energy of the sunbeams that shone in those distant days: and the sunbeam had energy because of the impact or friction, the strain or stress, which reducing the sun to his present dimensions, packed him full of energy, his store of which is ever diminishing under its reckless expenditure: and the mechanical operations which made the sun what he is, were the result of the attraction of gravitation acting upon particles of matter originally far apart—and so on, like the House that Jack built. But Radium alone would appear to be in a condition to give without receiving. Is it alone in the universe self-sufficient in this respect? Has it alone solved the problem of perpetual motion, which hitherto seems to have baffled Dame Nature, with all her devices, no less effectually than it has the most ingenious efforts of man? And if so, what becomes of the great principle of the Dissipation of Energy, on which we have been wont to rely as confidently as on that of Gravitation itself?

More than this, however. According to the report of careful and capable observers, the temperature of Radium is always somewhat higher than that of the bodies surrounding it, and if this be so, another great law which observation was held to have securely established, must go by the board, for it has hitherto been affirmed on all hands that the hotter of two bodies parting with more heat than it receives in return, their temperature must infallibly be equalized.

This is the present position of science in presence of this unruly and abnormal addition to the materials with which it has to deal. Further investigation will doubtless teach us more about it, and for the sake of science it is to be hoped that the result will be to show that the conduct of Radium may be reconciled with the conclusions that have so laboriously

and with so much ingenuity been already reached,—if indeed it be truly scientific to desire that Nature should prove to act in a particular way so as to square with our speculations. But in the meantime, thus much appears clear, that this insignificant little pigmy comes on the scene with a sharp reminder, that we have not yet got to the back of Nature's mysteries, and that we do well to pause before assuming too confidently that we know all about everything.

Everyman.

The recent revival of *Everyman*, this time unfortunately amid the garish surroundings of a London theatre, has again directed attention to the extraordinary fascination of this old Morality play. As a good deal of misunderstanding exists regarding the history of the piece, we may be pardoned perhaps if we devote a few words to the subject here. The morality of *Everyman*, which a few years back was represented at the Charterhouse after the lapse of nearly four centuries, comes to us straight and unaltered from the close of the middle ages. It is not in any sense a pseudo-antique. It is not, like Mr. Housman's *Bethlehem*, an attempt to set before a modern audience a religious drama which should imitate as closely as possible the simple devotional conceptions of our forefathers. Save for the occasional modification of an obsolete idiom, the text is identical with that which was printed by Richard Pynson at the sign of the George in Fleet Street before Protestantism was heard of in these isles. It is consequently Catholic to its inmost core, and neither Puritan, nor Lutheran, nor Calvinistic influences have anywhere been brought to bear upon it. Four separate editions, some of them hardly more than fragments, have been preserved to us from these early times, two issued by Pynson and two by John Skot. The British Museum copy is dated conjecturally 1520 by the Museum authorities; the other Pynson edition is probably earlier; and the English rendering itself is assigned by Professor Ten Brink to the reign of Edward IV. Moreover, our certainty that the text has not been tampered with does not depend upon the early English copies alone. Three Dutch editions, the first of which was printed at Delft not later than 1497, are also extant, and barring the omission of a short

prologue, which is not found in the Dutch copies, they are in perfect agreement with the English version. Indeed, it seems tolerably clear, for reasons which cannot be stated here, that the English has been simply translated from the Dutch. Moreover, in the admirable critical edition of the Dutch and English texts, printed side by side, which was produced some ten years ago by Dr. Henri Logeman,¹ of Ghent, the editor gives excellent reasons for believing that he has successfully identified the author of the drama with the famous Carthusian, Peter Dorlandus, of Diest.² This much, at any rate, is certain, that the *Morality* was of old attributed to a certain Peter of Diest, that in the numerous works of edification which Dorlandus left behind him in manuscript the dialogue form has been adopted in almost every case, that Dorlandus himself sometimes figures among the interlocutors as Diestenus, and that he also wrote sundry works in Dutch. On the whole it seems highly probable that this Carthusian monk originally compiled the Dutch play and issued it in the exact form which was faithfully adhered to by the English translator, and is still retained in the acting edition. But out of the Dutch play *Elckerlijck* (*Everyman*) either Dorlandus himself, or more probably a certain Christian Ischyrius, elaborated a Latin play in classic metres which was called *Homulus*, and which was apparently intended to take the place of the comedies of Terence and Plautus in the instruction of youth. This *Homulus*, after being frequently reprinted, was later on imitated in sundry other Latin plays, of which that called *Hekastus*³ was the best known, while it was also retranslated with further modifications, back into Low German and Dutch, taking no doubt to some extent its theological colouring from the sympathies of the various translators. We have therefore to congratulate ourselves that the only version preserved in English is a close and accurate rendering of the primitive edition as it came from the hands of its Carthusian author. The first Latin version, *Homulus*, though still Catholic, added a number of other characters to the *dramatis personæ*, e.g.,

¹ *Elckerlijck*, edited by Dr. Henri Logeman (Recueil de Travaux de l'Université de Gand. Fasc. 5). Gand, 1892.

² We learn from Dr. Alois Brandl's *Quellen des Weltlichen Dramas in England*, p. xiv., that another critical edition of the Dutch text was brought out by K. H. de Raaf in 1897. M. de Raaf believes that the English text is the original, and the Dutch a translation, but Dr. Brandl throws the weight of his high authority into the opposite scale.

³ See Goedeke, *Everyman, Homulus und Hekastus*. Hanover, 1865.

our Blessed Lady, certain boon companions of Everyman (e.g., *Hannio*, *Hirtacus*, *Cartager*, *Lusitor*, &c.), as well as two evil spirits rejoicing in the names of *Larvicola* and *Crambarabus*. Of all these developments the original, dignified and impressive in its simplicity, knows nothing. There *Everyman*, warned of his approaching end, in vain seeks aid from *Goods* and *Kindred*. He turns at last to heavenly influences, receives a penance from *Confessyon* (*Beichte*), and is conducted to the threshold of the next world by *Good dedes* (*Duecht*), *Knowledge* (*Kennisse*,—in the *Homulus* version *Cognitio*), *Five Wittes* (*Vijf Sinnen*), *Beautye* (*Schoonheyt*), and others. But only *Good dedes* is able to pass with him into the presence of the great Judge, and *Knowledge* is left without to announce to the audience :

Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure,
 There *Good dedes* shall make all sure ;
 Now hath he made endynge.
 Me thynketh that I here angelles synge,
 And make great joye and melodye,
 Where *Every-mannes* soule shall receyved be.

Reviews.

I.—RELIGION AS A CREDIBLE DOCTRINE.¹

NO man of literary taste, or with a sense of reverence for the graver interests of life will be able to get through Mr. Mallock's book without a certain exercise of self-control. Else the impulse to throw it out of the window will prove irresistible long before he has reached those final chapters which alone save it from being little more than a sort of controversial war-dance. Too vulgar for the educated ; too educated for the vulgar ; too scoffing for the religious-minded ; too religious-minded for the scoffer—one does not know what to say of such a deplorable medley of wisdom and unwisdom, manifestly the creation of a double personality. Once we had hoped that the author of *Is Life worth living?* and of the *New Republic*, and still more, of *An Enchanted Island*, would take his place among the masters of fascinating style in spite of occasional coarse touches that indicated a repressed capability of literary atrocities ; but now it would seem as if this repression had become wearisome and violated Nature were having her vengeance. Yet even here if we sunder matter from manner, we seem at times to be listening again to the voice of Jacob ; but why these hairy hands, these evil-smelling garments ?

To every subject its fitting style ; levity by all means for what is light, and ridicule for the ridiculous ; but can we take a man seriously who treats the most serious matters flippantly, or believe that first-rate thought can go hand in hand with fifth-rate sentiment ?

And yet the author has really a great deal to say and has missed the chance of making a valuable contribution to apologetic literature. He seizes many of the weak points on both sides of the controversy between science and faith, and nails many a false coin to the counter. Moreover, with a few adjustments the constructive portion of his work—to which

¹ *Religion as a Credible Doctrine.* By W. H. Mallock. London : Chapman and Hall, 1903.

we may concede a relative originality—is little more than a clear exposition of the orthodox justification of religious belief. In their need of meeting contemporary negation on its own ground apologists have at all times been prone to forget the purely “methodic” and *ad hominem* nature of their concessions and have, through such forgetfulness, involved themselves eventually in the same condemnation as their adversaries. They have been often opportunists unawares, content for the moment to show that what science urged against faith could be equally urged by faith against science.

Mr. Mallock’s solution is found in what he calls “the practical synthesis of contradictories.” Working from certain presuppositions, our reasoning is valid both in science and religion; but in both departments these presuppositions are given us, not by reason but by the exigencies of life. If we try to prove them, or to analyze them we are involved in contradictions. Yet affirm them we must and do; or rather our whole nature affirms them for us; they are the implications of its *modus agendi*, and follow us as closely as our own shadows.

Our belief in the reality of the cosmic world, from the stars to the chairs we sit on, is so universal and instinctive that it never occurs to most people to ask themselves how they came by it; or else, if the question is suggested to them, they will answer that they derive it from reason and the evidence of their senses, just as they derive their belief in any other truth of science. It requires, however, only a slight effort of thought to understand that the real existence of anything outside ourselves is not in any sense a truth of science at all. Science does not give it to the world of ordinary men. The world of ordinary men gives it to science, and ordinary men themselves get it neither from sense nor reason. The senses merely give men certain internal ideas. The belief in an external world is an inference as to the causes in which these ideas originate; and reason instead of supporting this inference that the causes must be external objects, entirely fails, as all thinkers now admit, to assure us of the existence of anything outside our individual selves.¹

In other words the reality of its apprehended object is implied and affirmed in the very nature of will and action. This is Aristotle’s starting-point; behind this conviction we cannot go. To “prove” means only to make other things as sure as this is.

But this “faith,” as Mr. Mallock states it, has too much the appearance of a sceptical despair of reason and of the practical

¹ P. 275.

Britisher's contentment with compromise. He seems to say: "Believe we must, be it true or false," and does not make it clear that this very "must" is a basis of reasoning—that the cause of belief implies a justification. For life depends on agreement with Nature. Beliefs that are proved by experience to be universally needful to, and expansive of, human life, bodily and spiritual, are thereby proved true to Nature; that is, their practical truth is rooted in their representative truth. Hence, if beliefs in God, in freedom, in immortality, are found to be as universally expansive of spiritual life as belief in an external world is expansive of bodily life, it is because such beliefs are in some way representative of reality. More than this, of course, the argument does not show directly; still this is enough to justify us in holding fast to such beliefs in the gross, in spite of any merely scientific or intellectual difficulties against this or that particular interpretation of their truth.

Again, the objection created by the seeming contradictions that arise when we attempt to prove or analyze these presuppositions of all reasoning vanishes to a great extent when we remember that our thinking faculty depends upon language for its development, and that language being addressed to the bodily senses can express spiritual realities (or what Mr. Mallock calls "subjective values") only in terms derived from the world of appearances. Using the finite, the bodily, the passive as the symbols of the infinite, the spiritual, the active, it is not wonderful but necessary that our notions of God and of spirit and of freedom should bristle with contradictions when we endeavour to harmonize them with science—that is, with our systematisation of the world that is given to us through our bodily senses. Bodily substance, the scholastics say, is the "connatural" object of the human understanding—its governing category—whatever else it knows is known in terms of this, not properly but by analogy.

If the apologists for belief in God, freedom, and immortality had always kept this clearly before their eyes, they would have forestalled many of the cheap cavillings suggested by the conception of God as an infinite creature; of the soul as an etherialised body; of immortality as an endless prolongation of cerebral processes; and of freedom as the passive indifference of a pair of scales.

And Mr. Mallock would have had no occasion for this act of literary suicide.

2.—WHY I LEFT ST. MICHAEL'S.¹

In two ways it seems to us that Mr. Evans has done a public service by giving his reasons for leaving St. Michael's, Shoreditch. Here was an Anglican church in which the services were arranged quite like those of the Catholic church, even such peculiarly Catholic devotions as Benediction, Invocation of Saints, and Rosary being among the characteristic features of its worship. The Bishop's attention is called to the fact, and he admonishes the Vicar to abandon them. "It seems to me," his Lordship says, very reasonably and temperately, "that these observances constitute so definite a departure from anything contained in the Prayer Book as to make it imperative on me . . . to require you to discontinue them." Mr. Evans calmly refuses, and the English public exclaims at once, "What lawlessness! How can such a man be honest?" Yet one cannot read Mr. Evans's Preface to the present tract without feeling that he has been throughout perfectly straightforward, and that loyalty to a fixed rule, not lawless individualism, has been the determining motive of his conduct. He wished to be loyal to an authority which his own Church had set before him. If the result has been a species of objective lawlessness, as it certainly has, this is due, as regards Mr. Evans, and doubtless also as regards the class of clergymen of whom he was a type, not to any personal obliquity, but to the vice of inconsistency inherent in the Anglican system from its commencements, and to a defective system of clerical education. The founders of the Anglican system claimed to be removing Romish corruption and restoring the system of the primitive Church. They were thus compelled to accept the writings of the Fathers as a standard of appeal, and to bequeath this appeal to their successors. The difficulty for them was that the writings of the Fathers gave the verdict against them, and it is of amusing interest to observe the wriggling by which Cranmer strove to explain away their clear language when it was brought up against him by Gardiner and others.

It is not so wonderful then that, in an age when the Fathers are studied more candidly, one section of Anglicans

¹ *Why I left St. Michael's.* By the Rev. M. M. Evans, B.A., late Vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch. London: Sands and Co. 1s. net.

should attribute to their Church the doctrines introduced by the Reformers and embodied in its formularies, whilst another lays stress on its appeal to the Fathers, and is led to credit it with the doctrines which that appeal sanctions. Nor is it so wonderful that the latter, when faced with the inconsistency between the Patristic creed and the creed of the Anglican formularies, should try to remove it by interpretations the sophistry of which it requires a little study to detect. At all events this is not so wonderful when we bear in mind what Mr. Evans acknowledges when he says, "I did not make any serious study of the matter at first-hand myself, but pinned my faith to Bishop Forbes and to other teachers who followed his steps," and "in so acting I believe I was only doing what ninety-nine out of every hundred of the High Church clergy of the Church of England have done before me."

It is a pity that young aspirants to the Anglican ministry should act thus, but perhaps it is natural, for the subject is beset with complications difficult for young men to break through, and this is where Mr. Evans appears to us to have rendered a second service by his little tract; for it contains an exposition of the arguments on either side sufficiently clear and free from technicalities to be useful to any who may wish henceforth to judge for themselves on this important question. When confronted with the possibility of a prosecution he took the wise course of thinking out the reasons on which his position was based, and submitting them to the verdict of competent judges. Hence we have first a statement of the case for the extreme High Churchmen, which runs in the name of his solicitors, but is evidently from some theological experts of his party; three Notes received from others, of which two are from High Churchmen, and the third from some Catholic; the opinion of eminent ecclesiastical lawyers on the same; and an Appendix giving certain quotations from the Fathers on invocation of saints, the particular point referred to Counsel. The conclusion to which this array of evidence has led Mr. Evans is that "Bishop Forbes, instead of providing, as I had thought, an impartial statement of the truth, was shown to have written a mere *ex parte* statement which omits essential facts that ought to have been stated on the other side."

3.—LADY BUTLER'S LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND.¹

Though Lady Butler in her modest Preface seems to anticipate that the narrative of her experiences in Palestine will be more favourably received than the sketches by which it is accompanied, we are greatly mistaken if the latter do not prove an even greater and more permanent attraction. Her letters, addressed to her mother, without any thought of publication when they were penned, have indeed all the charm of such an origin, but they have also its drawbacks. Not only are the minor incidents inseparable from travel related with a detail incommensurate with their importance from the reader's point of view, but the constant reference to the writer's emotions as the various scenes came into view, upon which hitherto it had been possible to gaze in imagination only, is somewhat apt to pall upon, if it do not actually excite the impatience of those who cannot have the like happy experience.

The illustrations, on the other hand,—though they have had to undergo the process of reproduction (excellently well as that process has been accomplished) and of reduction to suit the form in which they now appear,—yet instinct as they are not only with the craft of a cunning hand, but still more with the subtle and mysterious evidence of a devout and reverent mind, infusing into a picture the sentiments that inspired the artist who produced it,—enable us, in some degree at least, to share in the privilege of actual bodily presence, and to feel for ourselves the effect of a personal visit to

. those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which [nineteen] hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.

It is, in fact, impossible to study Lady Butler's drawings without realizing better than before that events actually occurred upon which the soul has ever loved to meditate. Especially helpful, to our own mind, are the plates entitled, "Our first sight of Lake Galilee,"—"The Cenaculum, sight of the House of the Last Supper,"—"Bethany, with the road to Jerusalem of our Lord's time,"—"Bethlehem, from the sheepfold, with the field of

¹ *Letters from the Holy Land.* By Elizabeth Butler. With sixteen illustrations in colour by the Author. London: A. and C. Black, and Burns and Oates, 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

Boaz,"—"Galilee, looking towards Hermon,"—"Nazareth at sunrise,"—"Ain Kareem,' the reputed birthplace of the Baptist,"—and "Galilee, looking towards the 'Mount of Beatitudes' and Tabor." What might probably have been the most effective of all, "In the Garden of Gethsemane," is largely spoilt, through no fault of the artist, by the extremely commonplace and prosaic line of palings which forms the background.

Two plates, which, from the merely artistic point of view, are perhaps more remarkable than any others—the frontispiece representing "The Start," an admirable group of horses with their conductors, and "St. Jean d'Acre," reminiscent chiefly of Napoleon and Sir Sidney Smith,—necessarily lack the peculiar charm attaching to the rest, and are somewhat out of harmony with them.

It must not, by any means, be supposed that the letter-press thus illustrated is devoid of charm. It affords abundant explanation of the spirit which has infused the writer's sketches, showing how completely her mind was possessed by the mysteries which underlie the Gospel story, and the human problems of which they alone can pretend to offer any solution.

4.—PEPLOGRAPHIA DUBLINENSIS.¹

This record of some among the more notable sons of the famous Irish University is cast in a form the character of which is not inaptly signified by the singularity of its title. It has been the custom for some years, as the Preface contributed by Dean Bernard informs us, to hold a service on Trinity Monday in the College chapel, at which "a Sermon has been preached in memory of some eminent member of the College." Eight of these discourses are now collected in the volume before us, which, after the example of Varro, is named *Peplographia*, because on the garment, or *peplus*, of the Panathenaic Athena the figures of illustrious citizens were worked. So seriously is this exemplar taken, as to cause the hope to be expressed that in these addresses delivered from a Christian pulpit, as part of a Church service, no portrait is presented which would have been thought unworthy of a place on the robe of the heathen goddess.

It is indeed obvious that it must be an embarrassment to

¹ *Peplographia Dublinensis. Memorial Discourses preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, 1895—1902.* London: Macmillan, 1902. 3s. 6d. net.

those commissioned to discharge such a task to have to assume in any degree the character of preachers, and to attempt to season with religion topics selected on grounds which would satisfy Mr. Frederic Harrison and the Positivists. No doubt, many of those chosen to be thus commemorated, were good men, and even pillars of their Church, but they are evidently singled out for special honour, on the same principle upon which their portraits would be admitted to hang in a College hall, because they made their mark in the world and a figure in history, however mundane the career in which they succeeded in so doing. This is seen clearly enough by the very list of names which we find here commemorated: Archbishop Ussher, Bishop Wilson, Bishop Berkeley, Bishop Stearne, Archbishop King, Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, and Viscount Falkland. It appears even more remarkably when we find that in a future series it is proposed to include Dean Swift and Oliver Goldsmith, the life of neither suggesting much in the way of hagiology.

The addresses, nevertheless, assume perforce the character of sermons, each commencing in orthodox fashion with a text from Scripture; but, as is evident, this has been felt in almost every case to be a mere encumbrance, the panegyrist making haste, at least tacitly, to find reasons for handling his subject as he would naturally have done in a lecture-hall, and in the most interesting of all the biographies given us, that of Grattan, Canon Sherlock starts by justifying such a course.

Another inconvenience arises from the independent treatment, by different hands, of characters and careers into which the human element entered so largely; for each biographer being naturally anxious to exalt the subject assigned to him, it occasionally happens that the hero extolled by some one else fares but indifferently at his hands. Thus while Bishop Dowden, of Edinburgh, describes Ussher as "a great Christian scholar, whose high ideals of thoroughness and of diligence, whose zeal for knowledge, whose love of truth, whose fairness to opponents, and whose freedom of jealousy towards rivals, have set a great example to us all,"—Dr. Hugh Jackson Lawlor thinks that Ussher compares very unfavourably with Archbishop King, declaring that, "The man of war, who defied Chancellors and Judges, comes far nearer to our ideal of what a Bishop should be, than he who, for the sake of peace, buried himself in his books and suffered iniquity to be

added to iniquity till the land stank, and was corrupt." So again, after hearing Dean Bernard eulogize Bishop Berkeley as primarily "A Christian Philosopher," it is somewhat disconcerting to find Canon Sherlock thus comparing his attitude towards the Irish people with that of Grattan :

He [Berkeley] speaks always as an Englishman to a debased and inferior race. . . . He preaches industry and cleanliness as a benevolent slave-master might to his negroes. . . . A tight house, warm clothing, and enough to eat is the *summum bonum* he puts before them. His exhortations read like a transcript from the speech of Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven," to the assembled devils in Hell, exhorting them to make themselves as comfortable as they can there !

In like manner, should a future discourse, as is anticipated, be devoted to Swift, he who has to deliver it will not be grateful to Professor Mahaffy, when, celebrating Bishop Stearne (whose spirituality, we are informed, was based on Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius), he tells us that Swift "had used him very despitely, and had written him a sour and scurrilous letter, to which the Bishop's gentle and Christian reply is a pleasant contrast ;" that which so enraged the Dean being an effort made by Stearne towards Church reform.

Apart from incongruities such as these, the *Peplographia* offers readable and scholarly sketches of men, some eminent and all interesting, of whom their *Alma Mater* has a right to be proud. Sometimes, indeed, the scholarly element is somewhat too pronounced, so as to savour of "donnishness," particularly in Bishop Chadwick's contribution upon Edmund Burke. The eulogist not only indulges, as his main point, in a critical analysis of the merits of Burke's English style, but severely reprehends the famous false-quantity *Vectigal*, as quite inexcusable, in spite of the felicitous rejoinder with which Lord North's correction of it was met.

5.—MURRAY'S GREEK GRAMMAR.¹

We welcome this manual, not as a fresh instalment of a commodity with which the market is already glutted, but as a valuable contribution to the science of grammar from German sources. The contents, though not original, may be styled new,

¹ *Murray's Greek Grammar, Accidence and Syntax for Schools and Colleges.* By John Thompson, M.A. London : John Murray. Price 6s.

inasmuch as they are, to a large extent, unfamiliar to most English students. Indeed the chief merit of this book, if not its *raison d'être*, lies in the fact that it renders accessible to the many, who cannot consult German authorities, a vast amount of scholarship accumulated during the past twenty years. It may safely be asserted that there are many grammatical principles to be found in this work which are far in advance of the text-books in use in our schools. We would point out in particular the theory of tenses which has been concisely expounded and has been consistently applied throughout the whole of the Syntax. In our judgment it compares very favourably with the exposition of the same subject to be found elsewhere. The author in his Preface informs us that for his *Tempuslehre* he did not draw on Brugmann or Delbrück, but on the second edition of Mr. Giles' *Manual of Comparative Philology*. No matter what his source, his teaching on tenses is clearly the product of Continental minds, and, whatever excellence may be claimed for the book on this score, is as much owing to German thought and German research as any of the other good points that have won our commendation. Should any doubt be entertained about this statement, it will be at once dispelled by a reference to the *Classical Review* for 1894. There will be found a detailed account of German opinion on tenses, differing little from the views here set forth. It is unnecessary to add that the writer of these articles was unacquainted with Mr. Giles' Manual. Before taking leave of this subject we may take occasion to observe that as regards the fundamental stem differences, the aorist is said to express "the whole act" and the perfect "the completed act." To the mind of most boys, at any rate, this will seem a distinction without a difference; for where there is "a whole act" there is also "a completed act." Surely two tenses so widely differing could be better labelled.

The Accidence is particularly good; it is both complete and up-to-date. Special attention is paid throughout to Phonetic Laws. This treatise is a good summary of the latest philological researches. Its list of verbs, regular and irregular, with their various syntactical constructions, is deserving of special praise.

As regards that portion of the Syntax which deals with Concord and Case-Construction there is little opening for criticism. The same can hardly be said of the remainder.

Limitations of space restrict us to a consideration of those defects only which, we believe, disfigure this portion of the Syntax. To begin with, Sentence-Analysis—of the thoroughly logical type—so much and so rightly insisted upon in most schools, is sadly wanting. Compare, for example, Professor Sonnenschein's introductory remarks on this subject with the scant space allotted to it (§ 268) in the manual under review. Adjective and Noun-Clauses are practically suppressed—with very disastrous results. Thus Effort-Clauses and those consequent on Verbs of Fearing (which are distinctly Noun-Clauses) are dealt with under Adverbial Clauses of Purpose. Again, the Object Noun-Clauses following on Verbs of Emotion (e.g., *θανυμάζω εἰ . . .*) are relegated to another Adverbial subdivision, namely, Causal Clauses. Such a classification is bound to prove misleading. True, the author calls attention to the fact that the first set above-mentioned have been dragged into alien quarters only on the principle of analogy; but the clauses dependent on Verbs of Emotion have been placed under the Causal heading with malice aforethought. Yet no amount of special pleading will ever convince the grammatical mind that syntactically it is one and the same thing to say, "I regret your coming," and "I am sorry because you have come." It may be noted in passing that the whole section (§ 361) on the indirect expression of Emotion is bald in the extreme, and gives but a poor account of a most peculiarly Greek idiom. In justification of the author it should be added that, in the matter of classification, he has followed his German models. They keep closely to historical methods and are content with drawing up catalogues; whereas we generally prefer Systematic logical analysis.

In treating of the Conditional Sentence, Mr. Thompson lays down the well-known division based on the presence or absence of the particle *ἄν*. This corresponds to the appearance or non-appearance of "would" in our English statements of conditions, and to the use of the Subjunctive, as opposed to the Indicative, in Latin. So far so good. But we demur to the description "impossible of fulfilment," as applied to that class of protases which scholars have laboriously and after lengthy discussions defined to be merely "contrary to fact" or "unfulfilled in the present or past." Here crops up once more an old heresy which we had thought long since dead. Will it ever be remembered that everything that is, or is assumed to be, "contrary to fact"

or "unfulfilled," need not necessarily be "impossible," even if whatever is impossible must necessarily be unfulfilled?

In the previous section (§ 307) the description of that well-known product of the Hellenic mind, the conditional sentence with optatives in protasis and apodosis, simply imparts the information that the time referred to is future and that the context will tell us "whether what they assume is probable or improbable." In plain English the only help vouchsafed to the youthful mind towards the complex problem as to when he is to use optatives in protasis and apodosis, is this: the condition is future and the context will tell you whether it is probable or improbable. Very illuminating indeed! We pity the student who should have only this amount of assistance to guide him in the use of the optative in conditional sentences. To settle degrees of probability is at all times a difficult task: but after the pupil has been at pains to do so, it turns out to be only labour wasted. After the context has revealed the probability or improbability of the condition, what's to be done with it? The type of conditional sentence, of which a description is attempted in the section under discussion, has been labelled by other grammarians as "less vivid" and "indistinct future," and other aliases equally absurd. We believe that the true criterion of distinction does not lie in probability at all.

Since the treatment of "wishes" (§ 313) depends on that of the conditional sentence, it is not surprising to find that they are differentiated only by the question of time. Probably the author was not quite satisfied with his theory of the former, and was content to give an accurate, if incomplete, account of the latter. The obvious classification would be: wishes considered attainable in the future and unfulfilled in the present or past. Here two elements enter and complete the description.

In the treatment of the Relative Pronoun (§ 216) we miss any remark on *ὅστις ἄν*, beyond an observation which is, unfortunately, both confusing (§ 271, notes) and misleading, as it says too much, ignoring the difference between negative and affirmative Generic Relative Clauses.

One distinct home product has been incorporated into this work. We regret that we cannot congratulate the author on its insertion. The allusion is to the Remote Deliberative Optative (§ 246, 2, 2). Has the author read Professor Gardner Hale's monograph on this novelty? If he has, it might not be amiss to suggest that in the next edition there should appear an

appendix on "Notes and Authorities in Syntax," on the lines of that at the end of Prof. Sonnenschein's Greek Grammar. When such weighty evidence is passed over, there ought to be a word of explanation. Again, it looks as if in drawing up the note (§ 312, 3, b) on the occurrence of *āv* with future indicative, infinitive, and participle, no account had been taken of Mr. Richards' elaborate and scholarly discussion of this subject in the *Classical Review*, vol. vi. No. 8, p. 336.

With the foregoing exceptions it may be frankly admitted that on the whole this work is an accurate compilation of the most approved data of grammatical research. A most agreeable feature of its thoroughness is the concurrent elucidation of the problems of Homeric grammar. How much more advantageous for a learner to study Homer's language under such guidance, than to consult isolated treatises by specialists who either ignore or are ignorant of Attic Syntax. In conclusion attention should be called to the many valuable appendices on Attic Measures, the Calendar, Sound Changes and Homeric Accidence. Since the book aims at completeness as well as accuracy, it is to be regretted that another appendix was not added giving a list of the figures of Syntax and Prosody, if not of Rhetoric, and the author will do well to add to his list of words differentiated by accent.

6.—THE NEW REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE.¹

We trust that the little *brochure* which has recently appeared under the above title may find a large sale among Catholics and may through them be brought as widely as possible to the knowledge of their Protestant friends. The author writes with feeling and makes no affectation of a judicial reserve and aloofness. But, after all, his bias, whatever it may be, is impartiality itself when compared with the anti-clerical bias of most of the French correspondents in our English journals, and notably with that of the successor of M. de Blowitz. The severe things here said of the French Masonic lodges will probably be misunderstood on this side of the Channel, in spite of all explanations. This is regrettable; but how few Englishmen know anything of Freemasonry in France. Even the indictment

¹ *The New Reign of Terror in France.* Being an unbiassed statement as to the present condition of public affairs in that country. By J. A. C. Sykes. London: Bickers, Leicester Square, 1903. Price one shilling.

drawn up by M. Prache, the official *rapporteur* appointed some few years back by the Chamber of Deputies, is unheard of here. The present situation, as the writer before us well shows, is a veritable Reign of Terror, in which every anti-Christian influence is called into play absolutely without fear or scruple. The most interesting chapter in the book is that which relates to the beneficent work of the more active Religious Orders, of which the author obviously speaks from intimate personal acquaintance. The contents of the volume are rather slight and miscellaneous, and it bears traces here and there of hurried composition, but such drawbacks do not detract from its real utility. An amusing caricature of M. Combes which had a great vogue in Paris not long since, as well as a translation of a recent sketch by M. François Coppée, lend variety to the author's own materials.

7.—FRENCH LIGHT ON ENGLISH HISTORY.¹

M. l'Abbé Couzard's history of the embassy of Philip de Béthune at Rome from 1601 to 1605, is a book of great interest to English historical students, which has nevertheless hitherto escaped notice on this side of the Channel. M. de Béthune's stay in Rome covered the very important period, in which it was foreseen that Elizabeth would die, and that considerable political changes must ensue from this. This period occupies four chapters. The next six chapters describe the alterations subsequent to King James' accession. Of course there is very much in these volumes which does not concern English historians. But there is very much that does, and these points are excellently made by the author.

Philip of Béthune was an able and devoted servant of Henri Quatre, and the Abbé is a devoted admirer of de Béthune. He reproduces de Béthune's despatches faithfully (so far as one can guess without recourse to the original MS.), but unfortunately quite uncritically. He has never taken the trouble to consult the English authorities on the subject, and by consequence he gives credit to all sorts of ridiculous exaggerations, which he ought to have been the first to correct.

Of the political events which are handled, something has been said in another part of this magazine, and there is more to

¹ *Une ambassade à Rome sous Henri IV.* Par l'Abbé R. Couzard. Paris : Picard [1901].

follow. Here it will suffice to note the new colour thrown upon the story of the Appellants. De Béthune assisted them in Rome, and in his despatches are contained a full and valuable account of that transaction. According to this new version the episode is chiefly remarkable as an "heureuse circonstance" leading to the glorification of France, and the depression of Spain. As might have been expected de Béthune was at daggers drawn with Father Persons, the ally of Spain, and M. l'Abbé follows suit. It is almost ludicrous to see the way in which the old Jesuit is introduced again and again as a sort of mischief-making dolt, whom the Abbé's hero is always unmasking and defeating in melodramatic style. Evidently we are hearing the Frenchman's own story of his exploits enhanced by a biographer's extravagant loyalty. So extraordinary is the author's antipathy for Persons that he goes so far as to call him an *âme damnée*. The phrase is of course meant to be understood in its technical signification, but it is even so unbecoming in a historian, and much more in the head of a Petit-Seminaire when writing of another clergyman holding a similar office.

But when all has been said, the Abbé's story is a very good one, well told, and with such *naïveté* that a reflecting reader will easily discover, where he may follow, and when he must suspend judgment and have recourse to better authorities.

8.—THE PORTRAITURE OF CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES IN
EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.¹

The monograph of Dr. J. E. Weis-Liebersdorf upon the early portraits of Christ and His Apostles will be accepted, we think, by every competent student of Christian archæology as a most valuable, indeed an epoch-making contribution to a very obscure subject. That the author will win general assent for the many original views defended in this monograph, is not to be expected. Indeed it is in his criticism of existing theories, and not in the solutions, suggestive as they are, which he himself propounds, that Dr. Weis-Liebersdorf seems to us to appear at his best. But the main contention of his essay, to wit, that the early Christian and Gnostic apocrypha must be

¹ *Christus und Apostelbilder—Einfluss der Apocryphen auf die ältesten Kunsttypen.* Von J. E. Weis-Liebersdorf. With 54 Illustrations. Herder, 1902. Price 4 marks.

carefully studied before we can venture to pronounce upon the extremely difficult problems presented by the art of the first four centuries is most satisfactorily established. The references to these apocryphal writings, especially those relating to the Apostles, are very valuable, and while we are not by any means satisfied that the youthful, beardless type of our Saviour's portrait is of Gnostic origin, as the writer before us contends, we have been much impressed by the evidence he adduces to show that the belief in our Lord's lack of personal beauty was not the eccentric conception of one or two individuals, but the view generally received by nearly all the early Fathers. Needless to say that the author, like other scientific archæologists, considers that our Lord's real features are quite unknown to us, and that we can infer nothing from artistic tradition. With regard to St. Peter and St. Paul, Dr. Weis-Liebersdorf regards the authenticity of the famous bronze medallions of the Vatican as too uncertain to afford any satisfactory point of departure. The glass *patera* (*Goldgläser*) also he believes to be of later date than has commonly been assumed. But arguing from the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus and some other monuments of more or less the same epoch, he is inclined to reject the theory of a traditional type reaching back to apostolic times and preserving the authentic likeness of the two great patrons of the Roman Church. In the case of St. Peter particularly, the evidence appears to him to be quite inadmissible; though the portrait of St. Paul is earlier. Such a book as that we have been reviewing is bound to offer a good deal of scope for criticism, but it would take us too far to discuss points of detail here. We are inclined to think that the Abercius inscription offers a more important clue to the development of the beardless Good-Shepherd-type of portrait than the author seems to recognize. It should be taken, we think, in connection with the words of Tertullian: "Ubi ovis perdita? procedunt ipsæ picturæ calicum vestrorum." Also in reference to the Gnostics we think that Dr. Weis-Liebersdorf would have found some helpful sidelights in the various writings of Mr. C. W. King, particularly in his *Gnostics and their Remains*, and in his *Antique Gems and Rings*. As usual with Herder's publications, the get-up of this monograph is excellent. Two of the most interesting illustrations of the beardless Christ are taken from *patera* in the British Museum; and are reproduced, as the writer gratefully acknowledges, by the generous kindness of Mr. Cecil Torr.

9.—YE ARE CHRIST'S?¹

Father Joseph Rickaby warns off the *rigidi Catones* from his *Considerations for Boys*, but he need not be anxious. Boys certainly, and adults as well as boys, will muse with pleasure on these brightly written and practical little papers. They are not, as he says, arranged according to any special order, but that is not necessary. What is necessary, and what Father Joseph Rickaby has done, is to include the various topics on which a boy will do well to reflect, if he desires to grow up into an exemplary Christian and Catholic gentleman. As it is by quotation that one best conveys the idea of a book like this, we may give the following on Character.

Character (literally, "a mark") is something cut deep in the soul and lasting. . . . A boy without a character is quite an intelligible person. He is a boy in whom nothing goes deep, neither good nor evil. If he is still quite a young boy, that is no bad sign. But for a boy well on in his teens to show no evidences of character, may well alarm those responsible for his education. . . . A boy with a character is a boy with a will of his own for good or for evil—a fixed will, not a mere passing impulse. All great men are men of character; and all good men, whose goodness any way approaches the goodness of the Saints, are men of character too. Herod the Great had a character; so had Oliver Cromwell; Pontius Pilate had none, nor Herod Antipas. . . . A boy without character takes ever what mechanists call the L.L.R., the line of least resistance. . . . He will be good with the good, slack with the slack, and wicked in wicked company. . . . I fear I have no character; how am I to get one? By doing what is right, because it is right; by doing what I ought, not that things may go easy with me, but to please God; by doing what naturally I have no mind to, when I think that Christ my Saviour asks for them.

10.—JOAN OF ARC.²

The interest taken in the cause of the Maid, not only in France but in this country as well, continues to be ever on the increase. For those who may shrink from the recently published translation of the Process itself—which in spite of its

¹ *Ye are Christ's*. Eighty-four Considerations for Boys. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates.

² *Joan of Arc*. By L. Petit de Julleville. Translated by Hector Davenport. London: Duckworth, 1901. *L'Abjuration de Jeanne d'Arc*. Par le Chanoine U. Chevalier. Paris: Picard, 1902.

length is by far the most satisfactory means of arriving at a true impression of Joan's beautiful character—we cordially recommend the little sketch of her life in the series *Les Saints*. The writer, M. Petit de Julleville, is one of the most distinguished professors in France, and he is dealing with a period which he has made peculiarly his own. The translation is good and the story is interestingly told. One point about this English edition which strikes us as curious is the fact that while many other volumes of the same series dealing with the lives of canonized saints have no ecclesiastical sanction; this volume, which in a certain sense does not come under the cognizance of the Church, appears with the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. To our slight notice of this volume we may also append a few words of appreciation for the recently published brochure of Canon Chevalier on Joan of Arc's abjuration in the Cemetery of St. Ouen, a study which appeared originally in the *Université Catholique*. Canon Chevalier seems to us to adduce good and solid reasons in support of his conclusions, which are, as stated on p. 72: (1) that the form of abjuration inserted in the official report is not that which was read to the Maid and to which she affixed her mark; (2) that the form which was actually used did not amount to such an abjuration as would have been required by canon law in a matter of faith; (3) that in giving her consent Joan acted against the warning of her "Voices," but her act was at the same time lacking in the essential conditions of full knowledge and consent.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MISS EMILY HICKEY, who not long since, through the Catholic Truth Society, presented us with an excellent modern adaptation of the romance of Havelok the Dane, has now published a *brochure* of still wider interest. *The Dream of the Holy Rood*, by Cynewulf (Catholic Truth Society. 1d.), which dates from the eighth century and which is consequently one of the most ancient poems in the language, ought to be known to every intelligent Catholic, young or old. The treatment of the subject while most devotional is in many ways strangely modern, and the fact that many of the verses have for more than a thousand years been carved upon the Ruthwell Cross gives the poem an almost unique position in our literature. Miss Hickey has provided an excellent and accurate verse translation, together with an introduction, and to this is added a photograph of the Ruthwell Cross in its present condition.

Mr. Meyer-Griffith has accomplished in his little *Life of Blessed Cuthbert Mayne* (Washbourne), a work both of piety to the Martyr, and of interest to the general reader. The materials for the story are not fresh, but very few people will have seen the font at Sherwell, where the Martyr was baptized, or the lines in the Register recording his having received that Sacrament. Both these subjects are reproduced in sketches. Some of the other illustrations are perhaps poor in point of art, on the other hand they really help to explain the text, which certainly holds one's attention.

Mr. Sands is publishing an English edition of the romances of the American novelist, Charles Garvice. We have two now before us, *Just a Girl* and *In Cupid's Chains*. So far as we have seen, the books are healthy and are interesting as stories. The American public dearly love a title, and Lords and Ladies occur in both novels in plentiful profusion, so also do hair-

breadth escapes and startling sensations. To those who enjoy this kind of thing, the books may be recommended as good of their class.

In the Shadow of the Manse, a novel by Austin Rock (same publisher), we have rather a different type of story. The *motif* here is religious and controversial; and it is not quite fair perhaps to expect that it should develop any very thrilling situation. But pains seem to have been taken over the presentment of the characters, and the propriety observed throughout is such as might well gain admittance for the tale into the most exclusive of convent-school libraries.

A Voice that is still (Burns and Oates) is a dainty little volume of brief maxims extracted from the letters or other writings of the late Father James Clare, S.J., and published as a tribute to his memory. The materials are so arranged as to supply a helpful thought for each day of the year. A brief biographical notice with portrait is prefixed, and the volume is sold for the benefit of the Zambesi Mission, in which Father Clare took much interest.

Amongst other publications recently received from Mr. Washbourne, we must not any longer delay to notice two booklets, neatly bound and clearly printed, for which Father John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., is responsible. One of these, *The Holy Souls*, is merely a collection of "November Leaves" extracted from the writings of Father Faber. The other is an original work, entitled *Eucharistic Elevations*. There are many pious and helpful thoughts to be found in these last, but some of them, we may mention in particular that entitled "Habeas Corpus," seem to us in questionable taste.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1903. II.)

Homoiousianism and Orthodoxy. *G. Rasneur.* The Great Chronicles of France and the Historical Schools of Saint Denis and Saint Germain-des-Prés. *F. Bethune.* A fragment of the Mortuary Roll of Cardinal Milo of Palestrina. *G. Morin.* Reviews, &c.

ZEITSCHRIFT F. KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1903. II.)

Our earliest documents and the Constitution of the Primitive Church. *S. Borkowski.* St. Thomas Aquinas on the Sacrament of Penance. *J. Götter.* Consecration under Two Species in the light of the Rubrics of the Mass. *F. Schmid.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1903. II.)

Hilarius the Ambrosiaster. *Dom G. Morin.* In the Vatican Archives. *Dom U. Berlière.* The Great Customary of Cluny. *Dom B. Albers.* Benedictine Intelligence, Reviews, &c.

REVUE DU CLERGÉ FRANÇAIS. (April 1 and 15.)

French Missions in the Nineteenth Century. *P. Pisani.* Cardinal Newman. *E. Dimnet.* Religious Peace. *J. Bricout.* Joan of Arc and the question of Relapse. *H. Dunand.* Reviews, &c.

THE DOLPHIN.

An Heirloom of the Protestant Reformation. *Miss M. M. Mallock.* Advantages of Bible Study. *Fra Arminio.* Mystic Ecstasy and Modern Science. *W. D. O'Dowd.* Under the Cedars. *P. A. Sheehan.* Catholic Education in England. *B. Blakelock.* &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (April.)

Balsam and Holy Chrism. *M. C. O.* The Centenary of Father Isla. *H. M. Valasco.* Botanical Rambles in Galicia. *H. Merino.* Mexico To-day. *C. Heredia.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (April 15.)

The title of Messiah. *G. Quéhart.* Christian Libraries in the First Centuries. *S. Protin.* Flécheir and Bossuet. *P. Martain.*

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (April 4 and 18.)

The Index of Forbidden Books. The Congress of Vienna and the Holy See. The Codex of Hammurabi. Books and Libraries in the time of St. Gregory the Great. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (April 5 and 20.)

General Ducrot at Strasburg. *H. Chérot*. Poor Relief in the form of Work, known in the Seventeenth Century. *Y. de la Brière*. Hippolyte Taine. *L. Roure*. Brittany and the Bretons. *V. Delaporte*. The Congregations, the Chamber, and the Country. *P. Dudon*. "Nos Enfants." *J. Charruan*. Reviews, &c.

LE CANONISTE CONTEMPORAIN. (April.)

The Diocesan Statutes of Paris. *A. Boudinhon*. New Decrees of the S. Congregation of Rites. *Acta Sancta Sedis*. Reviews.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (April 21.)

Babylon and Christianity. *F. X. Kugler*. Gothic Architecture in Germany at the end of the Thirteenth Century. *S. Beissel*. Freedom of Education and the Law of Associations in France. *H. Gruber*. Bettina's Correspondence. *O. Pfülf*. Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (April.)

The teaching of Latin and Greek. *Ch. Woeste*. Colonization in the Nineteenth Century. *Baron de Borchgrave*. Siberia. *A. Bordeaux*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (April 15.)

Thomism and Contemporary Literature. *Abbé Delfour*. The Action of the Laity in Religious Questions. *C. Valentin*. Montalembert. *C. de Lajudie*. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (March.)

The Jewish Community in Rome in the First Century. *Dr. Bludau*. The Prayer of the Just Man in the Psalms. *Dr. Selbst*. The Mission of Christianity. Popular Religious Customs in the Diocese of Augsburg. Reviews, &c.

